The Water That Won't Freeze, by John Lear

Saturday Review

September 6, 1969 50¢

Chester Bowles
America's Next Rendezvous With Destiny

The Film of Social Reality
by Hollis Alpert

Robert Forster as the cameraman hero of Haskell Wexler's "Medium Cool."

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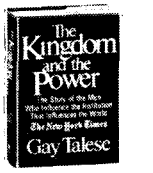

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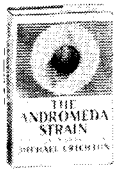

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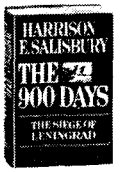

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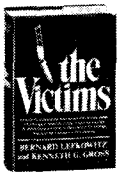

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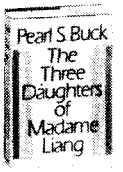

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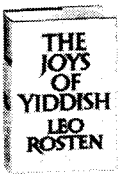

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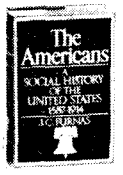

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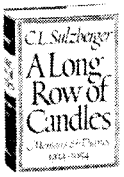

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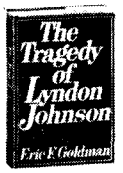

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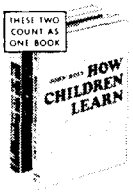

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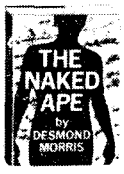

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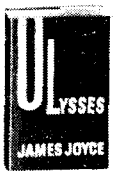

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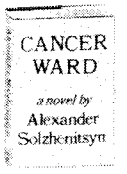

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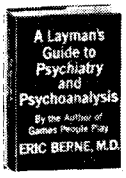

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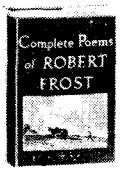

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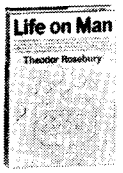

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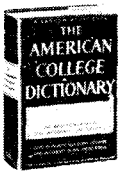

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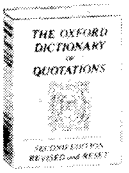

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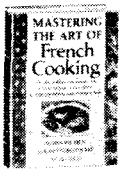

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Saturday Review

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I suspect that everybody who cares about books—editor and publisher or buyer and reader—has occasionally thought about opening a bookstore of his own.

Unfortunately (or maybe, fortunately, since a lot of hard work, hard cash, and time are needed to make a bookstore a success) not many of us get to do this. But two people who did are Dick and Judy Noyes, whose Chinook Bookshop in Colorado Springs is celebrating its 10th Anniversary this year.

The Chinook is a handsome, bright and clean store in which you can find just about any book you want—including 9000 paperbacks. You will also find a fascinating map department, reflecting one of Dick Noyes' special interests.

The big book at the Chinook this summer is COLORADO: BIG MOUNTAIN COUNTRY, an over size book of pictures by Myron Wood with text by Nancy Wood about this fascinating state. As one who has just returned from Colorado for a visit, I can testify that it is the ideal book for visitors, for residents or for expatriate Coloradoans. It costs $10, cheap enough for such a handsome book these days, and the Noyeses will send it postpaid to anyone who mentions this column.

The Chinook Bookstore does very little regular advertising, depending instead on a newsletter entitled "Currents," which Judy Noyes writes. This literate, corruscating publication explains better than anything I could say what is meant by the words "personal bookshop." They stand for the very highest in the art of getting the right books to the right people.

If you're near Colorado Springs, make a point of visiting the Chinook. If you can't get there, order a copy of COLORADO—an almost satisfactory substitute to visiting the state. And if you can't do either, ask Judy Noyes to send you "Currents." I think you'll thank me for introducing you to a wonderful store, a wonderful book, and, of course, a wonderful state.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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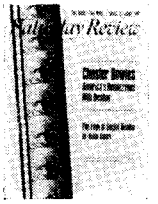
by Hollis Alpert



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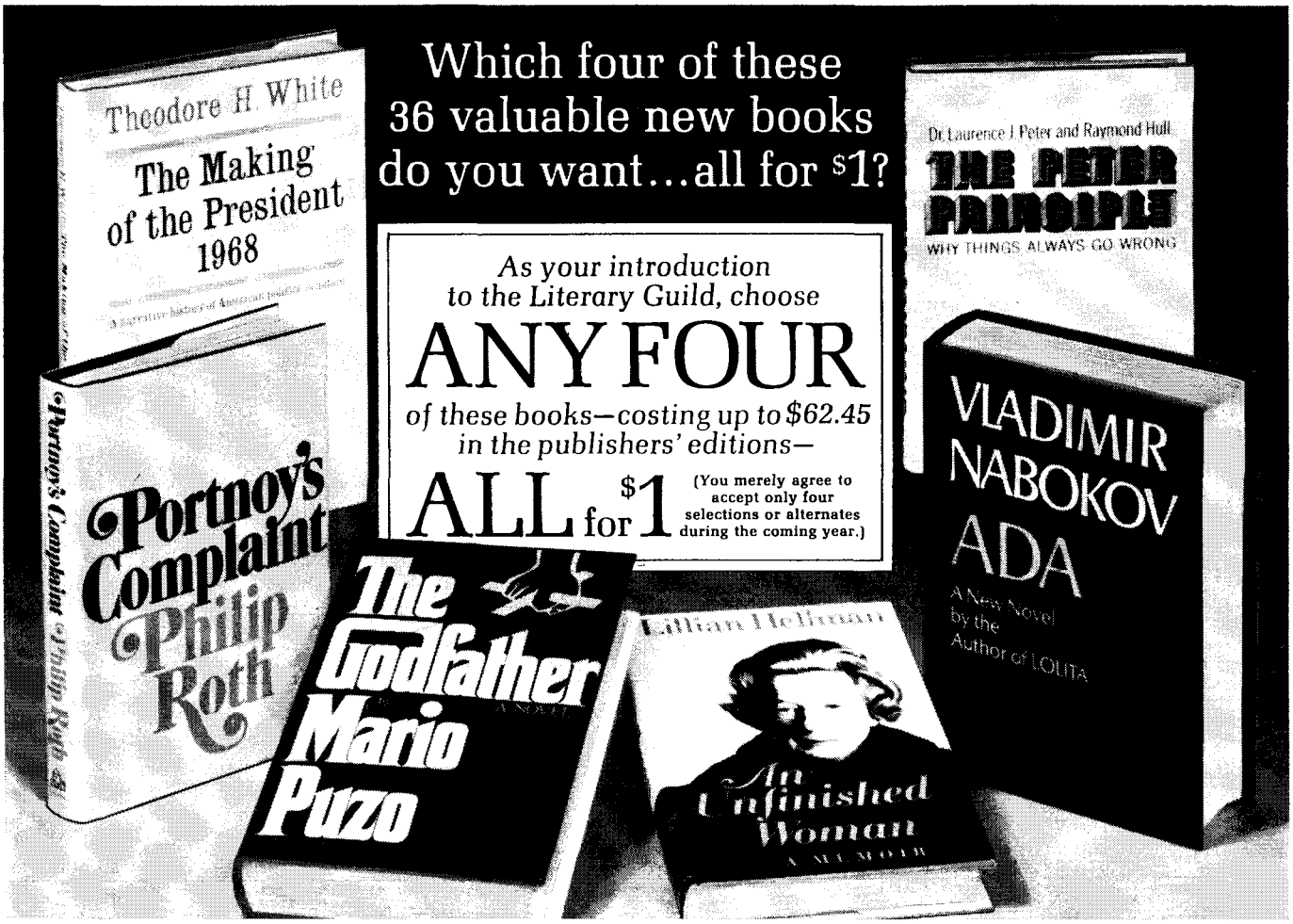
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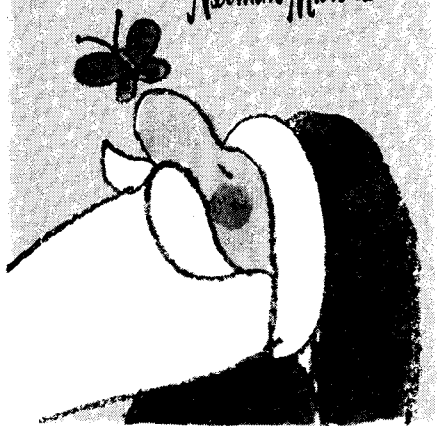

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Pornographer's Complaint

AS THE NEW theatrical season opens on Broadway, the big hit is Off-Broadway, where *Oh! Calcutta!* is packing them in skintight. This brand nude production is the work of several renowned writers who contributed the pornographic sketches that everybody's talking about, but few ever confess to having seen.

Since the musical *Hair* opened on Broadway with five or six unclothed actors standing still onstage, nudity has become the acceptable eighth lively art, and nobody breaks down any doors. But when the art gets too lively—instant hit. Which *Oh! Calcutta!* is. Even those exclamation marks look lascivious!

Gordon Crowe, associate producer of *Oh! Calcutta!* offered me two free seats for opening night. "No sir!" I said. "I wouldn't walk across the street to see a degrading, immoral, shameless sexhibition like that."

"How do you know?" he asked. "You haven't seen it."

"Oh no? Did I ever tell you about this recurring dream I have? And I have another complaint, my real complaint. How come you, a producer, my friend, brother Friar, didn't ask me to contribute a sketch?"

"I didn't know you could write stuff like that."

"Are you mad?" I shouted. "When I was ten years old I used to write stuff like that on fences."

Next case: A letter from Jill Goldstein, associate editor of *Esquire*, "Dear Mr. Ace: *Esquire* is currently planning a special December issue in which we will have a major feature exploring sexual candor and nudity in the arts. . . . Perhaps you might want to participate in the feature, which will include a group photograph of notable people from many fields of endeavor . . . posed and lighted in a manner similar to the attached Photostat. The participants, of course, would be nude."

Attached was a Photostat of a nude young fellow three-quarters profile, his hands strategically placed.

My immediate reaction was a shudder. In a December issue of *Esquire*, me on the newsstands freezing my hands off? Thanks, not me, Jill.

Then I decided to sleep on it. It was no go. If I said "yes," would Jill lose respect for me? Would she think I was fast, an easy nude? Does she kiss and tell; had I been first on her list (alphabetically); had all the others turned her down; was it the old Saturday night without a date bit?

I didn't have long to wait for the answer. Before a week was out, I read in *SR* that Cleveland Amory had been asked. And later, in *The New York Times* another notable, Ned Rorem, wrote that he too had been accosted by Jill.

Well, wouldn't you say I had a right to feel jilted? But through my tears, I was glad I found out in time, glad do you hear me? I wrote demanding to know what kind of a fellow she thought I was. She didn't think I was much of a fellow. She didn't answer. Cad!

However, again that wasn't my real complaint. In the July issue, *Esquire* asked fifty notables to contribute what they thought the first man on the moon should say. Again, I wasn't asked to contribute. Surrounded by assassins! Jill only thinks of me as a nude model. A fellow likes to believe a girl admires him for his mind too, you know.

When I finished reading the *Esquire* moon quotes, I was glad, do you hear me, glad, I hadn't been asked. The cover showed famous men in earlier historic days, along with quotes they were purported to have made at the time of their greatness. I couldn't believe any of them.

Especially the one by Alexander Graham Bell, and what *Esquire* reports he said into the first telephone: "Watson, come here, I need you."

Poppycock! If there were ever a man who didn't need Watson any more, Bell was that man. He probably said, "Beat it, Watson, the invention works, thanks a lot, pick up your check, see you around some time, don't call me, I'll call you, if you ever get a phone."

As for the quote by the first man on the moon, I had a line for him with which Jill would have scooped the world.

On that unbelievable day when a man first set foot on the moon, and stared in awe at the moonscape of that stark coil of uncharted void, there was only one natural thing he would say—"Take me to your Liederkranz."

But he didn't, and history books, alas, will never record it. All because Jill was too busy trying to maneuver me into her plush, dimly lit, softly cushioned photography studio to see my etchings.

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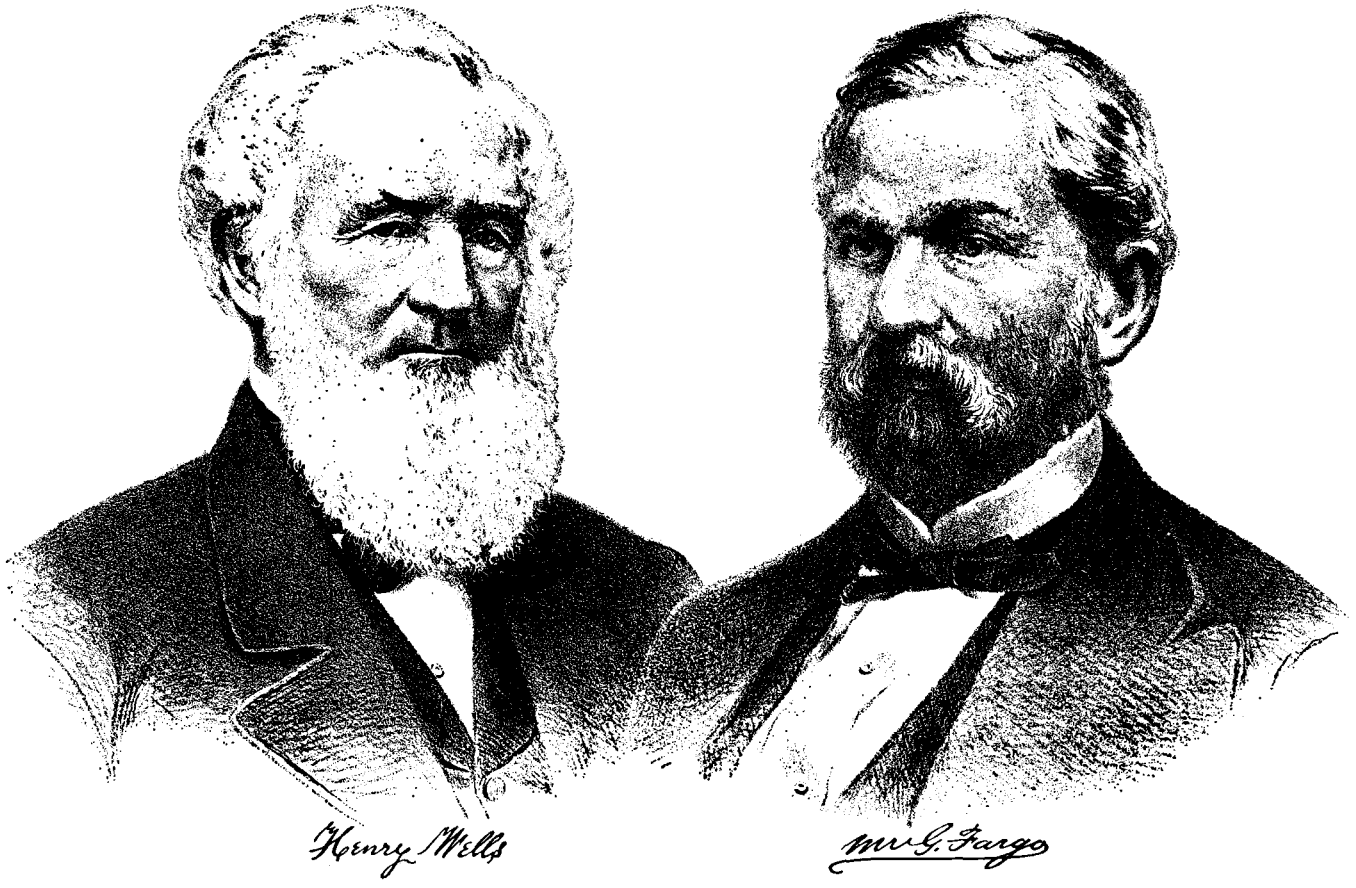

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Nixon's Soviet Approach

WASHINGTON.

IT WOULD NOT be surprising if some of the Nixonologists in the Kremlin are confused, puzzled, even worried, about Nixon's new approach to American-Soviet relations. President Nixon's policy not only differs basically from President Johnson's, but it also has some inherent contradictions, at least from the Russian point of view. The new policy is Mr. Nixon's own, and it has caused concern among some State Department Kremlinologists. But Mr. Nixon is convinced that he knows the Russians well (after all, he has had his own brushes with them), and furthermore he thinks of himself as a tough bargainer.

In his press conferences earlier this year he expressed a great deal of hope that the Russians would lend a helping hand with Hanoi in ending the Vietnam war. He seemed even more optimistic in assessing the prospects of Soviet-American talks about a Middle East settlement. But Mr. Nixon has been disappointed on both scores. The Russians apparently do not have the pulling power with the North Vietnamese he thought they had, nor do they seem willing to exert the kind of pressure on the Egyptians necessary to shift this festering problem off dead center.

Just before the President departed on his round-the-world tour, a high White House source expressed the President's disappointment. He said: "We do not consider that the Soviet Union has done all it can to bring the war in Vietnam to a conclusion or that, as co-chairman of the Laotian Control Commission, they are keeping that conflict under control."

There are two problems these days that preoccupy the Kremlin very deeply: the constantly deteriorating situation with China and the unrest within Communist Eastern Europe. It would not be surprising, therefore, if statements by Secretary of State William Rogers about the United States' desire to improve relations with Communist China have disturbed the Kremlin, and if Mr. Nixon's Rumanian visit upset the Soviet leadership. In the past, whenever an influential American has said something about improving relations with China, Soviet Embassy officials in Washington have inquired nervously what these remarks meant.

The Rumanian visit was something of an implied American rejection of the so-called Brezhnev doctrine of "limited sovereignty," which supposedly gives the Soviet Union the right to intervene unilaterally—if necessary with arms—in "any socialist country." It was this doctrine, the Russians claimed, that justified their invasion of Czechoslovakia. There are good reasons to make it clear to the Kremlin that the United States does not accept this doctrine. But if the Russians continue to pursue it rigidly, Washington will risk being faced with the fact that it too has a sphere of influence in Europe.

The Johnson Administration, in contrast, flirted with the idea of helping the Russians to contain China and of not interfering with Eastern European affairs. President Johnson was eager, even overeager, to arrange another summit meeting, this time in the Soviet Union, and to begin talks on limiting strategic weapons as soon as possible. President Nixon, however, is in no hurry to visit the Soviet Union. He does not have such a strong belief in atmospherics as the road to a détente with the Soviet Union, and he took several months to prepare the American position for the talks. When Ambassador Dobrynin was asked shortly after the election last November how he thought the Presidency of Mr. Nixon would affect American-Soviet relations, he said: "In the relations of our two countries there exist certain facts of life which impose themselves on any American President."

President Nixon not only appears to have a more hardheaded, business-like approach to American-Soviet relations, but he also seems to feel that the United States now has fewer troubles than the Soviet Union, and that it is therefore in a better bargaining position. He believes in the need for a détente policy with Moscow, but having been disappointed about Vietnam and the Middle East, he appears to feel that there are severe limitations on what can be done to advance such a détente policy. The Russian-Chinese hostilities look increasingly ominous. The Kremlin may want to imitate what the Chinese did to India, namely occupy a narrow stretch of Chinese territory along the Sino-Soviet border and prove that Peking, by its inability to do much about it, is in fact a "paper tiger." The object of embarrassing Chairman Mao in this fashion would be his overthrow by internal enemies and the installation of a more pro-Soviet government. That, at least, is how some Sino-Soviet experts see it.

The problems on Russia's Asian borders make the Kremlin anxious to stabilize the situation in Europe and to insure a status of "all quiet on the Western front." By visiting Rumania, therefore, the President also indirectly hinted the strong position he feels he is in. Finally, and this brings the argument back to the weapons talks, the Russians are in a much tighter economic bind than the United States and must be anxious to reduce the costs of maintaining their nuclear strategic deterrent.

What disturbs State Department Kremlinologists is that Nixon's approach may be upset by the leadership crisis in the Kremlin. These struggles are primarily influenced by internal pressures and the conflicts among personalities, but they could also be influenced by the conclusion that the current Soviet policy toward the United States was ill-conceived.

At any rate, it would not be surprising if the Nixonologists in the Kremlin find it hard to interpret the contradictions in American policy.

Mio Dio! Siamo Arrivati!

by John Tagliabue

Going through all these little drab towns in Maine and
    New Hampshire
and Massachusetts (a little hard to pronounce by old Italians)
    we
pass this Pizza House or that Pizza Heaven or that Sam's
Pizza or that Leaning Tower of Pizza or that Pizza that surpasseth
    Understanding
and my gods, Columbus, Garibaldi, Volta, Vespucci, Marconi,
    Caruso, we didn't know
what we were Coming To! but eat your pie and sing!
    Paolo Revere of Boston also
    I was told once was Italian.
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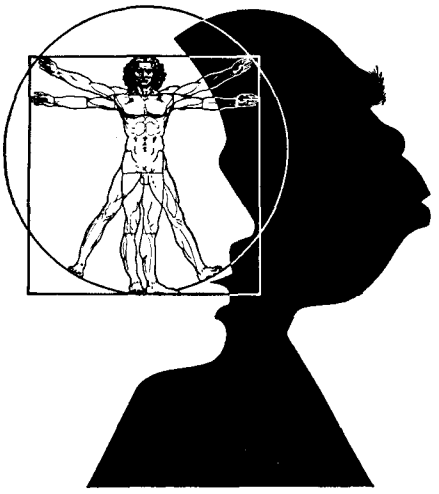

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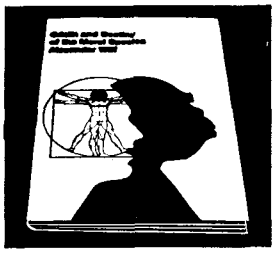

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by Alexander Wilf

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

With all the troubles in Northern Ireland it was nice to have Southern Ireland announce that writers and "other members of the arts" would be welcome to live in Southern Ireland tax free. You can't beat, we've always said, the Irish free estate.

And there was good news from India, too. (Well, these days you have to look for it.) No longer will Indian films ban kissing—in fact an official

committee on censorship held that not only "a passionate kiss" but also "a nude human figure" is okay as long as—and we quote—it is "logical, relevant, and necessary." Again, it's just what we've always said: necessity is the mother of convention.

George Brownell of Birmingham has come up with two favorite stories of his—which are also favorites of ours. First, the preacher who announced there are 726 sins and was promptly besieged—for, you guessed it, copies of the list.

And, second, some feminine advice. If you want a few minutes to yourself, alone and undisturbed, there's one sure way to get it—do the dishes.

Many readers are on the lookout for Signs of the Week. Our favorite this week comes from Nancy Matthews of Richardson, Texas. At first her sign seemed not too unusual: PERMANENT HELP WANTED FOR MAINTENANCE WORK. Where she found it, however, was unusual—outside the entrance to the Richardson cemetery.

Somehow the sign reminded us of an occurrence on David Frost's show when, during an interview with an obituary writer, the talk had turned to what people would like to be remembered for—and a member of the audience spoke up. "What, Mr. Frost," he shouted, "would *you* like to be remembered for?" Before Mr. Frost could think of anything, another member of the audience came up with the answer. "Ever," he said.

Mrs. Leonie Holland of New York supplied us with our Letter of the Week. It seems she visited the Japanese Consulate to get her visa for her coming trip to Japan and was faced, she says, "with a neat, busy office and a 'Tak-a-Check' machine and the accompanying 'next' with changing numbers worked by a cord, just like at the supermarket." When she got her check, that too was fine—complete with her number and the notation: "When called, it's your turn for service." Turning the check over, however, she had such a surprise she said we'd never believe it—so she enclosed it. "Patronize," it says clearly, "your neighborhood bakery. He serves you best."

We had the good fortune to have a visit recently with perhaps the most versatile of all American movie actors, Alan Arkin. Indeed it's difficult to imagine the tortured but humorous Puerto Rican handyman of *Popi*, the "nice guy" submarine commander of *The Russians Are Coming*, the sinister murderer of *Wait Until Dark*, and the sad deaf-mute of *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* even being one person. We demanded to know if he was.

He admitted the charge. We noted he was reading a letter. What kind of fan mail, we asked, did he get? "Well," he told us, "the mail from *Russians*

was mostly appreciative. But after I played that perverted psychopath in *Dark*, I got hundreds of letters from teen-age girls. They told me they were in love with me."

How, we asked him, did he answer? "I answered them warmly," he said, "and remotely."

Mr. Arkin is proudest of the fact that his two sons in *Popi*, ages eleven and ten, were chosen from open auditions among New York school children, and one of them, Miguel Alejandro, had never done any acting before.

Mr. Arkin is a complicated man—as befits the fact that his father, David Arkin, started out as a poet, then became a painter, then an engineer, and

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The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real meaning of this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck. Actually, it portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating details are symbolic references to the sacrament of marriage.

As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little dog symbolizes faithfulness; the discarded sandals, humility; and the single candle, the presence of God. Above the mirror, which signifies purity, is an inscription meaning, "Jan van Eyck was here, 1434," written in script proper to a document. For the painting really is a document: a painted marriage certificate!

If you had come across this painting in a museum, would you have understood what the artist was trying to tell you? Or would you have missed the hidden meanings?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot so far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a respected work of art and see nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help such persons that New York's Metropolitan Museum and John Canaday, art critic of *The New York Times*, created the Seminars in Art, a unique program of assisted self-education in art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting.

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is now a songwriter and writer of children's books. When, we asked him, did he know he wanted to be an actor? "From the beginning," he said. "That's all I ever wanted to be." Why, we persisted.

"Well," he said, "I wanted to be like the people up there. I wanted to make people laugh like Chaplin, I wanted to sing like Danny Kaye, and I wanted to sword fight like Louis Hayward."

Were they, we asked, still his idols? "No," he said. "I don't have idols anymore. I have mentors." Was he still a movie fan? "Well," he said, "I'm hung up on the movies of the Thirties and Forties. My favorites are Jean Renoir's *The Grand Illusion* and *The Rules of the Game*. I like a lot of films of that period. The acting is uniformly great; the directing is brilliant and unobtrusive; and, most important, I don't know what it's about. But I like that too. I don't like to go to the movies and come back and be able to put it in my pocket and say, 'Okay, I've had this kind of experience.' *The Grand Illusion* was such an experience it almost didn't let you in at all. You had to circle around it and work in.

"The first experience I ever had like that was seeing *Alexander Nevsky* when I was in my teens. All my life I'd heard from my father what a great movie it was and then when I saw it, at first I couldn't have cared less. I thought 'So this is that great movie.' Now, in retrospect, it still has meaning for me."

Mr. Arkin has two children by his first wife and one by his second, Barbara Dana, whom he met at an audition for his first Broadway play, *Enter Laughing*. On his last birthday, she gave him a small, fold-up Italian bicycle. He proudly showed it to us and offered us a ride. But, we protested, it's a *girl's* bike. "All folding bikes are that way," he said sternly. We got on and rode around the studio once. We were wobbly. How, we asked when we got off, did he stand the traffic? "I sweat a lot," he said. Then we watched while he got on and rode away without a single wobble.

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What passes for education in the Western world today is more accurately described as instruction. . . . Almost always the different subjects are taught as if they were unrelated to each other, and as if the . . . purpose of learning them was to pass examinations and take a degree.

Chess Corner—No. 139

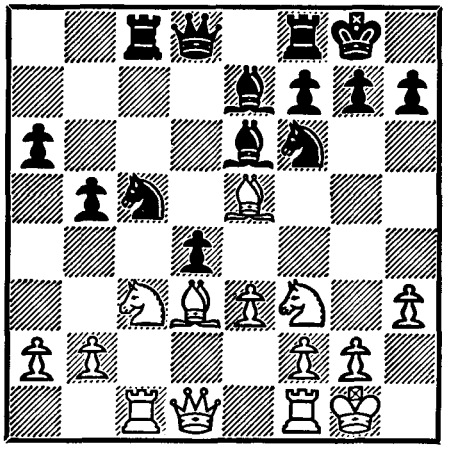
Such prosaic terms as error or blunder are hardly befitting the chess grand master. Certainly they are rare, and insinuating them into the play is tampering with the dignity of the players. Surely, everyone knows even a world champion is culpable.

In the eighth of the recent twenty-four-game world chess championship match between Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union, the titleholder, and his compatriot and challenger, Boris Spassky, the champion perpetrated—perish the thought—a "booboo." This minimonstrosity ought to be given a professional grandeur, such as *amaurosis scacchistica* (Latin for chess blindness) or *fingerfehler* (German for slip of the finger). On move 14, the world champion tosses an exchange, and from then on it is over.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Petrosian Spassky Petrosian Spassky

	White	Black		White	Black
1	P-QB4	P-K3	8	PxP	PxP
2	P-Q4	P-Q4	9	B-K2	O-O
3	N-QB3	B-K2	10	O-O	B-K3
4	N-B3	N-KB3	11	B-K5	R-B1
5	B-B4	P-B4	12	R-B1	P-QR3
6	PxBP	N-R3	13	P-KR3	P-QN4
7	P-K3	NxP	14	B-Q3 ?	P-Q5 !



15	BxQP	NxB	31	R-Q1	R-B5
16	QxN	B-B5	32	P-QN4	R/1-QB1
17	Q-N1	BxR	33	P-N5	R-B6
18	RxB	N-Q4	34	Q-R1	RxN
19	N-K2	B-B3	35	RxR	QxPch
20	R-Q1	Q-B2	36	K-R2	Q-N6ch
21	BxB	NxB	37	K-N1	Q-B7ch
22	N/B-Q4	Q-K4	38	K-R2	Q-N6ch
23	Q-Q3	KR-Q1	39	K-N1	N-B7
24	P-QR4	PxP	40	N-B6	NxPch
25	R-R1	N-K5	41	K-R1	N-B7ch
26	QxP	R-R1	42	K-N1	NxR
27	Q-Q3	R-K1	43	N-K7ch	K-B1
28	N-B4	P-N3	44	NxR	QxKPch
29	Q-R3	Q-B3		Resigns	
30	N-Q3	KR-QB1			

—AL HOROWITZ.

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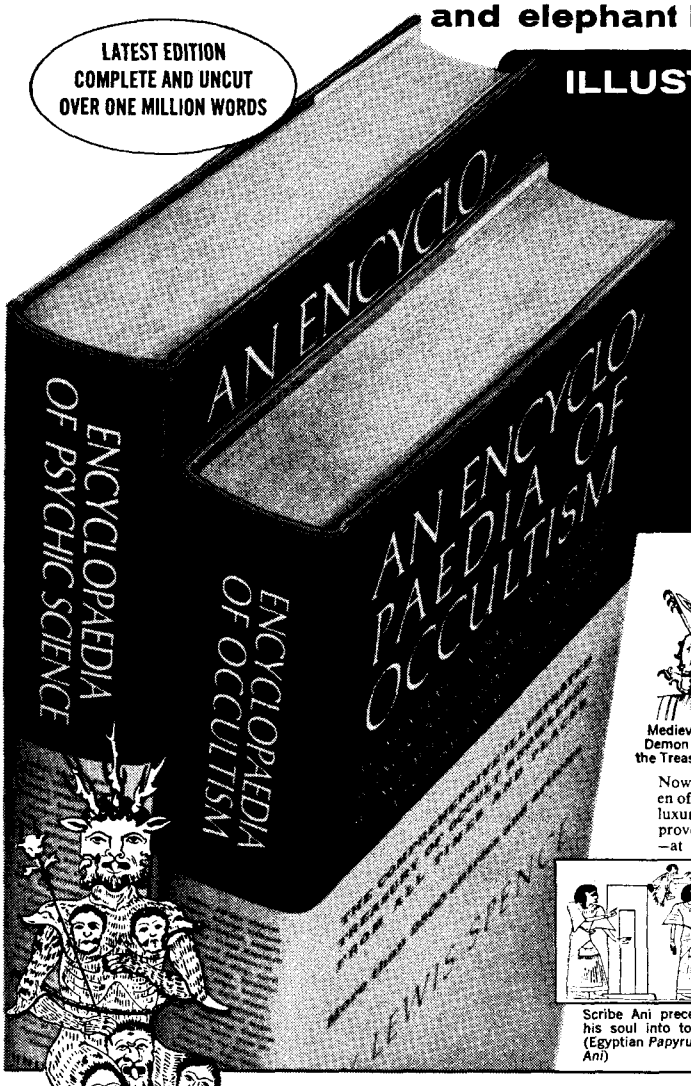

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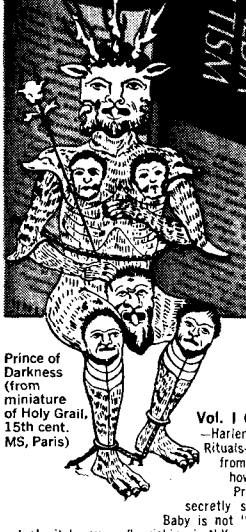
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He was a bit peeved about the oil change though.

"It set the Mission back $1.80," complained Father Aloysius Bittman.

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Saturday Review
September 6, 1969

America's Next Rendezvous With Destiny

Three times before, this nation has been faced with explosive questions for which there were no ready answers. Are we now "moving toward a fourth major watershed in American history"?

by CHESTER BOWLES

After six years as American Ambassador to India, I have returned with some trepidation to the United States. Despite periodic visits home for consultation and regular reading of American magazines and newspapers, I was ill-prepared for the upheaval in public attitudes and political alignments which confront us.

Six years ago, when I left for New Delhi, most of my acquaintances, politically speaking, could readily be identified as "liberals," "radicals," "conservatives," or "reactionaries." In my absence, these trusted labels, which for three decades helped shape political debate and action, seem to have come unstuck. New issues, such as crime in the streets, neighborhood control of urban schools, guaranteed income supplements for the poor, anti-ballistic missiles, and racial integration are now dominating public debate.

The scene, to a native coming home, is complicated by the particularly militant quality of the discontent in our universities. Established adult authority, left and right, is under sharp attack. At the same time, Americans of all ages are deeply split on a wide range of public questions.

The current political turbulence is due, I presume, to a wide variety of developments, many of which feed on each other. Some of these developments are world-wide phenomena; others have grown out of special situations within our American society.

In the last two decades, there has been a dramatic loosening of the religious, family, and neighborhood ties that had helped mold and steady the lives of previous generations. This unhinging process has been accelerated by the mass migration from tradition-bound rural areas to urban centers where the individual often feels uprooted, alone, and unable to involve himself in the life of the community.

In America and some other developed countries this mass unease is exacerbated by the incapacity of antiquated government machinery—federal, state, and local—to contain and defuse the unprecedented forces set in motion by modern technology.

While our government pours unlimited funds into an effort to land men on the moon, it is unable to provide the minimum resources needed to cleanse our polluted rivers, lakes, and air, or even to dispose of our garbage.

Inevitably, our poorer minorities are the most deeply frustrated and angered by the imbalance between public needs and public performance. Through television and the movies they are regularly exposed to a dazzling display of how other, richer citizens live, and—by clear implication—to the opportunities which they have been denied. When they contrast the high-sounding talk by political leaders about equal rights and equal opportunities with the limited action and budgets to support the rhetoric, their distrust of local, state, and federal officials steadily grows.

The gap between requirements and effective action has been created in large measure by the distortion of our national budget by massive appropriations for military defense. The Pentagon now spends 10 per cent of our gross national income, and more than 50 per cent of our federal budget. The military-industrial-political complex, against which President Eisenhower warned us eight years ago, is on its way to becoming the modern counterpart to the industrial monopolies that threatened to dominate American society seventy years ago.

In the procurement of military equipment our competitive enterprise system has largely been bypassed, while some influential members of Congress use their political leverage to assure the building of military plants and facilities in their districts, and at the same time denounce responsible critics of our inflated military budgets as advocates of "unilateral disarmament."

Several years in the State Department and in assignments and travels overseas have convinced me that we now face a similar imbalance in the conduct of our foreign affairs. Years ago Arnold Toynbee asserted that the most powerful force in today's world is not the precarious balance of nuclear power or our compulsive need to destroy any political movement containing a few Communists, but the simple fact that "in the most remote villages of the world, hundreds of mil-

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lions of people have at long last sensed the possibility of a better life, if not for themselves, at least for their children."

But instead of striving to close the increasing gap between the rich nations and the poor nations we devote more than $30-billion annually to a largely military effort to "stabilize" Vietnam, a junta-dominated nation of twenty million people. If even 2 per cent of these annual expenditures had been spent on economic development in India, that democratic nation with its one-seventh of mankind would now be well on its way to self-sufficiency.

What I find most surprising on my return to the United States is not the militant unease of our urban centers and universities, but the fact that the mass protests have been so long delayed. More than a hundred years ago we amended our Constitution to assure every American citizen the right to equal opportunities and privileges. In breaking this solemn promise we have grievously weakened American democracy. The excellent Kerner Report released a year or so ago called for new initiatives, money, and effort. Yet significant progress, or even a genuine commitment to such progress, is still not in sight.

Although the situation is sobering, I can see no reason for despair. On the contrary, we may be entering a creative period of social, economic, and political change that will once again liberate American society from outmoded concepts and institutions, and set the stage for a vigorous new surge forward in behalf of economic justice and opportunity for everyone.

At least one point is clear: This is not the first time that the American people and their leaders have been faced with explosive new political and economic questions for which there were no ready answers.

American history records three such periods, each of which grew out of a major national crisis and events, and which led to the establishment of a new political consensus pledged to new priorities, values, and courses of action. Inevitably, this involved major changes in the composition of our two political parties, and in the ideological framework through which each sought to exercise its influence.

The first such watershed was introduced by Jefferson's bitterly contested victory in the election of 1800, and was given new impetus by the dissident farmers and workers who elected Andrew Jackson in 1828.

The second watershed was introduced by Abraham Lincoln in 1860. The new consensus which took shape during the Civil War was primarily committed in its early stages to national political unity. In the next few decades it may also be credited with an imaginative adaptation of the Industrial Revolution to American conditions, the linking of the Eastern seaboard to the Pacific coast, the opening and development of the vast farm lands in the West, a new concept of the corporation, the broadening (however inadequate) of civil rights, and the encouragement of mass migration from Europe.

This second consensus was eventually challenged by pressures for liberal reform in the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. But in was not until the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932 that the national groping for a new set of values, priorities, and tactics sharpened into a clearly recognizable new political consensus.

This third period was characterized by substantial public acceptance of governmental responsibility for minimum standards of living and opportunity, for the full use of human and capital resources, and for a system of private enterprise generously underwritten by the federal government.

I do not suggest that the political, social, and economic forces that dominated American political life in these three periods reflected majority agreement on all major issues. Indeed, in the early stages of each of these watersheds the American people were so seriously and dangerously split that even the most astute observers were unable to foresee the changes which lay ahead.

Yet, the political leaders in each era managed to reach workable compromises on the primary issues, sweep under the rug whatever differences seemed for the moment unsolvable, and thus maintain the political majority required to achieve the primary goals.

Is this process of political adjustment likely to be repeated in the present situation? No one can be certain. But it is reassuring to note that the issues dividing the American people today are no more explosive or less capable of solution than those that divided our country in the previous periods of radical change.

The years that preceded the election of Jefferson in 1800 and Jackson in 1828 were marked by deeply rooted, bitter conflicts over the very nature and meaning of the new Republic. Jefferson was accused of being a reckless radical who sought to turn our nation upside down; Jackson's election created widespread fears that the "rabble" would soon take over the government. Lincoln was elected on the eve of a civil war. When Roosevelt assumed office in 1933, sixteen million people were unemployed; there was ominous evidence of impending mass violence, long breadlines in every major city, no clear answers, and highly unpredictable prospects.

We are, I am convinced, now moving with the traditional rumblings and ferment toward a fourth major watershed in American history that will almost certainly produce dramatic and unpredictable changes in political direction. As in the past this period will no doubt be dominated by a new consensus that reflects a fundamental break in old political alignments, the forging of new alliances, and the creation of new political guidelines.

We may safely assume that the political vigor and creativeness required

"It's to tide me over until I find the sugar bowl."

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to produce this fourth consensus will not be provided by political has-beens burdened with old concepts, old standards, old fears, and old prejudices. Much more likely the leadership will come from responsible, able members of the highly educated, idealistic, and —to many of their parents—perplexing new generation.

Although their more conservative elders may be fed to the teeth with the petty violence, earthy slogans, and militant tactics of many student leaders, the fact remains that a sizable majority is not only keenly aware of the contradictions and weaknesses of our American society, but sincerely determined to produce a fresh set of values that will place primary emphasis on the quality of American life rather than the quantity of personal possessions that so intrigues their parents.

Whatever their mistakes, many leaders of the emerging new generation have already demonstrated considerable political skill. In the past two years they have forced drastic changes in our Vietnam policy, and in 1968 toppled a President who had been elected by the greatest majority in our history.

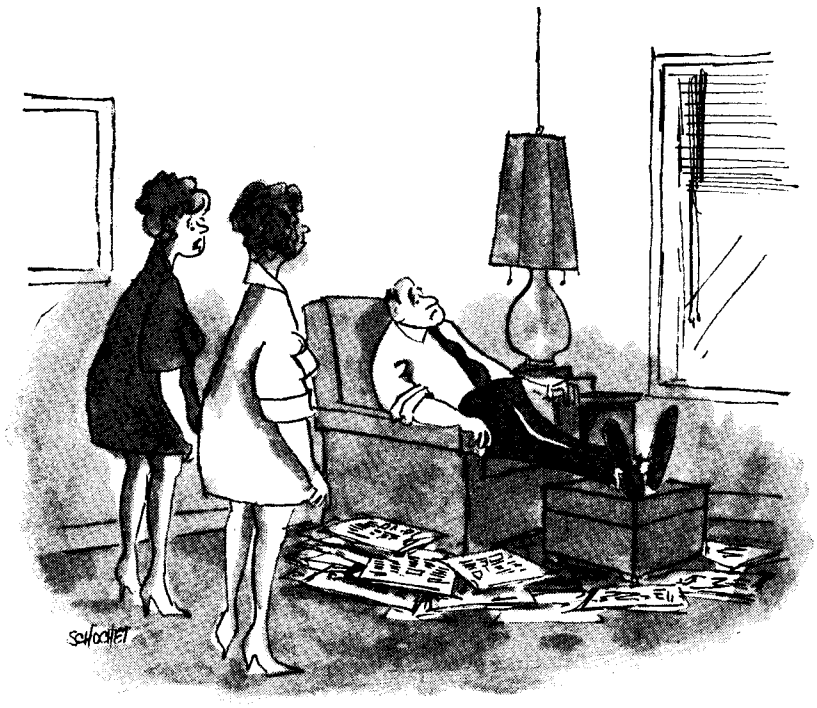
At present their energies are largely focused on establishing greater student participation in running the universities, expanding black studies, eliminating racial discrimination, and ending the war in Vietnam.

These are laudable objectives, and I believe most student protests are long overdue. However, the ability of the new generation to produce leaders capable of playing a creative national role will depend upon their sense of history and their willingness to work with like-minded groups toward common objectives through the raucous give-and-take of the democratic process.

More specifically they will need to address themselves to a series of critical national problems that are now being largely ignored. The following examples illustrate what I believe to be the primary requirements if we are to revitalize American society and focus its energies on our basic needs:

1) Our cumbersome, seniority-ridden legislative system seems to be built on the assumption that the longer an individual has been in Congress the wiser he must be. This enables small minorities and powerful individuals to block legislation that is critical to our national interests. As a former member of Congress, I am convinced that a major reorganization of Congress is an essential starting point.

2) Our national priorities are also seriously out of whack. What is required are new concepts, even new institutions, that will enable us to consider our national needs from a fresh perspective, and then to adequately provide the resources to meet them. The division of our gross national income should be more closely related to the urgent needs for modernization and change. Tax and other incentives will be required to produce the public and private capital needed to meet these priorities.



"He took a speed-reading course. Now he finishes the Sunday 'Times' in thirty minutes and has nothing to do the rest of the day."

This calls for a measure of national and regional economic planning that will consider how our national income is now being spent, and then recommend to the President and Congress how the pattern of investment can be more effectively shaped to our most immediate needs.

3) Our national security policies should also be re-examined in relation to the development of our society as a whole. In the past ten years, we have spent prodigious sums of money on defense, and have steadily become less and less secure. Our present annual military budget is more than double the gross national income of India.

I believe our military expenditures can be trimmed significantly without endangering our national security. But the deep cuts so urgently required depend not only on the Vietnam war but on our ability to reach at least a limited political and economic understanding with the Soviet Union. The Soviets face domestic problems and requirements similar to or even greater than our own, and there is evidence that they are quite aware of this fact.

4) We have already provided federally subsidized, publicly administered medical care for Americans over sixty-five, and for veterans and their families. This program should be broadened to give all citizens similar advantages.

The crucial need for more low- and middle-income housing must also be recognized and met. The building industry is plagued with featherbedding, outdated building codes, and obsolete methods. Even if these obstacles are dealt with boldly, massive government subsidies will still be required to meet our main national needs.

5) The relationship between federal, state, and local governments must be brought into better balance. The mass migration to the urban areas has placed an unprecedented burden on the cities where the tax base is inadequate. As the lower-income people move into the cities, the higher-income people move to the suburbs, and the capacity of our city governments to deal with their problems shrinks.

6) Our tax system itself is in urgent need of reorganization. Over a period of years loopholes have developed that enable some of our wealthiest families to reduce their taxes sharply, and in some cases, to avoid them altogether. The oil depletion allowance has degenerated from a once-needed incentive for greater investment risks to a shocking handout for an established

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HOW COULD ANYTHING THAT FEELS SO BAD BE SO GOOD?

by RICHARD E. FARSON

Maybe it is time to adopt a new strategy in trying to figure out why life today is so difficult, and what can be done about it. Assume that not only are things often not what they seem, they may be just the opposite of what they seem. When it comes to human affairs, everything is paradoxical.

People are discontented these days, for example, not because things are worse than ever, but because things are better than ever. Take marriage. In California there are about six divorces for every ten marriages—even higher in some of the better communities. One must admit that a good deal of discontent is reflected in those statistics. But the explanation so frequently offered—that the institution of marriage is in a state of collapse—simply does not hold. Marriage has never been more popular and desirable than it is now; so appealing in fact, that even those who are in the process of divorce can scarcely wait for the law to allow them to marry again.

The problem is that people have never before entered marriage with the high expectations they now hold. Throughout history, the family has been a vital unit for survival, starting as a defense system for physical survival, and gradually becoming a unit for economic survival. Now, of course, the family has become a physical and economic liability rather than an asset. Having met, as a society, the basic survival and security needs, people simply don't need each other anymore to fight Indians or spin yarn—or wash dishes or repair electrical plugs for that matter. The bonds of marriage and family life are no longer functional, but affectional. People used to come to love each other because they needed each other. Now it's just the other way around. They need each other because they love each other.

Listening to the complaints of those recently divorced, one seldom hears of brutality and desertion, but usually something like, "We just don't communicate very well," "The educational differences between us were simply too great to overcome," "I felt trapped in the relationship," "He won't let me be *me*," "We don't have much in common anymore." These complaints are interesting, because they reflect high-order discontent resulting from the failure of marriage to meet the great expectations held for it. Couples now expect—and demand—communication and understanding, shared values and goals, intellectual companionship, full sexual lives, deep romantic love, great moments of intimacy. By and large, marriage today actually does deliver such moments, but as a result couples have gone on to burden the relationship with even greater demands. To some extent it has been the success of marriage that has created the discontent.

The same appears to be true in the civil rights movement. The gains that have been made have led not to satisfaction but to increased tension and dissatisfaction, particularly among those benefiting from such gains. The discontent is higher in the North than the South, higher in cities than in rural areas.

One could go on—the protests of student activists are greater at the better universities. Demands for freedom and democracy and education and individual liberty and free speech are greatest in the nation which leads the world in these respects. The history of revolutions shows that they come *after* reforms have been made, when people are strong enough to have developed a vision of better things.

The disturbing paradox of social change is that improvement brings the need for more improvement in constantly accelerating demands. So, compared to what *used* to be, society is way ahead; compared to what *might* be, it is way behind. Society is enabled to feel that conditions are rotten, because they are actually so good.

Another problem is that everything is temporary, nothing lasts. We have grown up with the idea that in order to develop personal security we need stability, roots, consistency, and familiarity. Yet we live in a world which in every respect is continually changing. Whether we are talking about skyscrapers or family life, scientific facts or religious values, all are highly temporary and becoming even more so. If one were to plot a curve showing the incidence of invention throughout the history of man, one would see that change is not just increasing but actually accelerating. Changes are coming faster and faster—in a sense change has become a way of life. The only people who will live successfully in tomorrow's world are those who can accept and enjoy temporary systems.

Moments, then, are the most we can expect from the things we create and produce. We are beginning to change their basis of evaluation from the permanent usefulness of things to their ability to create moments of positive experience. Yet with nothing to rely upon except change itself, we find ourselves increasingly disturbed and disrupted as a society.

People are also troubled because of the new participative mood that exists today. It's a do-it-yourself society; every layman wants to get into the act. Emerson's "do your own thing" has become the cliché of the times. People no longer accept being passive members. They now want to be active changers.

This participative phenomenon can be seen in every part of contemporary life—on campus, in the church, in the mass media, in the arts, in business and industry, on ghetto streets, in the family. It is succeeding to the point where people are having to abandon their old concepts of elitism. The myths that wisdom, creativity, and competence are rare, difficult to evoke, and highly desired, are giving way to a view that they are rather common, relatively easy to elicit, and desired only in situations where they are not too disruptive or difficult to manage.

The problem is that modern man seems unable to redesign his institutions fast enough to accommodate the new demands, the new intelligence, the new abilities of segments of society which, heretofore, have not been taken seriously. Consequently, people are frightened by the black revolution, paralyzed by student activism, and now face what may be even more devastating—the women's rebellion.

As if all this weren't enough, society may also be experiencing a reverse transmission of culture. To put it simply, today's young people probably know more than their elders. Wisdom and culture have always been transmitted from the older generation to the younger. Now, perhaps for the first time in history, there is a reversal of that process. Young people used to

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want to be like their elders; today it's the other way around.

The old, of course, always learned some things from the young. Fashion and dance, for example. But now they are learning from youth about the nature of society, about world affairs, about human relations, about life. The young have much to teach in matters of taste and judgment, in ethics and morals. They are attending school in greater numbers, staying longer, and learning more than former generations did. All kinds of people—advertising executives, futurists, artists, designers, social scientists—now look to youth as the leading edge of contemporary culture. If McLuhan is right, the young are sensing the world in ways never sensed before, and, consequently, they have developed an approach to life which is very different from that of their elders. Margaret Mead describes the plight of the over-thirty generation as being similar to that of the alien trying to learn about a foreign culture. It is small wonder then that the institutions in which leadership is entrusted only to the elders (and what institution isn't?) are so unstable.

Society simply has not had these kinds of problems before, and to meet them it will have to adopt strategies for their solution that are as new, and as different, and as paradoxical as are the problems themselves.

Instead of trying to reduce the discontent felt, try to raise the level or quality of the discontent. Perhaps the most that can be hoped for is to have high-order discontent in today's society, discontent about things that really matter. Rather than evaluating programs in terms of how happy they make people, how satisfied those people become, programs must be evaluated in terms of the quality of the discontent they engender. For example, if a consultant wants to assess whether or not an organization is healthy, he doesn't ask, "Is there an absence of complaints?" but rather, "What kinds of complaints are there?" Psychologist Abraham Maslow suggests that we analyze the *quality* of the complaint being registered. In his terms, a low-level grumble would involve, for instance, a complaint about working conditions; a high-level grumble might have to do with matters beyond one's own selfish interests—a concern for fairness in the treatment of another person, for example—while a meta-grumble would have to do with self-actualization needs, such as feeling that one's talents are not being fully utilized, wanting to be in on things, wanting to make a greater contribution.

As an illustration, instead of trying to negotiate only on the low-order complaints of black students having to do with the number of black teachers on a faculty or the lack of soul food in the school cafeteria, efforts should transcend these problems, meet those demands, and go well beyond them by raising the level of discontent so that black students are complaining about the quality of education and demanding a chance to reinvent the whole system. When such complaints are heard, the situation will be much improved, for then *all* men will be able to engage in a joint effort toward a common goal.

Instead of trying to "cool it" in a crisis, use the time of crisis to make major changes and improvements. Many individuals feel that in a crisis the only thing to do is to try to "hang in there," call everything to a halt, try to maintain previous conditions, let it pass, and hope things will return to normal. Instead, they should capitalize on the momentum that is in the developing mood of people during a crisis to energize the changes that must be made. It is analogous to the jujitsu technique of moving with one's opponent and using his momentum to gain the advantage; of course, in correcting social ills *everyone* gains, nobody loses.

Instead of trying to make gradual changes in small increments, make big changes. After all, big changes are relatively easier to make than are small ones. Some people assume that the way to bring about improvement is to make the change small enough so that nobody will notice it. This approach has never worked, and one can't help but wonder why such thinking continues. Everyone knows how to resist small changes; they do it all the time. If, however, the change is big enough, resistance can't be mobilized against it. Management can make a sweeping organizational change, but just let a manager try to change someone's desk from here to there, and see the great difficulty he encounters. All change is resisted, so the question is how can the changes be made big enough so that they have a chance of succeeding?

Instead of trying to improve people, improve environments. All too often the conclusion is reached that all problems boil down to such people problems as basic attitude differences and personality clashes. And it is believed that work must first be done to change people. But that may not be the best strategy. People, fundamentally, change little in their personalities and attitudes. They can, however, change markedly in their responses to different environments, situations, and conditions.

It is known how to create conditions which will evoke from just about anybody the full range of human behavior,

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"You mean you don't recall talking to me last night? . . . And I always thought elephants had such good memories."

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Who Needs History?

Some activist professors have told us in recent weeks that Henry Ford was right when he said that history was bunk, and that even a study of history will be of no use to coming generations. Everywhere we look, the extremist minority is convinced that the present moment, however exciting or ridiculous, is the thing that matters and that deliberate rejection of the past is the only way to look upon a future where all men are brothers in a peaceful world.

Loren Eiseley, professor of anthropology and the history of science at the University of Pennsylvania, wrote in a recent editorial in *Science*: "A yearning for a life of noble savagery without the accumulated burdens of history seems in danger of engulfing a whole generation, as it did the French philosophs and their eighteenth-century followers. Those individuals who persist in pursuing the mind-destroying drug of constant action have not only confined themselves to an increasingly chaotic present—they are also, by the deliberate abandonment of their past, destroying the conceptual tools and values that are the means of introducing the rational into the oncoming future." Moreover, we are a society apparently bemused in purpose, yet secretly homesick for a world of lost tranquillity.

Well, perhaps the activist professors are right, perhaps we have been wasting our time on irrelevant matters like history; the complicated mosaic of the past may mean nothing at all. Yet experience suggests, as Will Durant once put it, that an old tradition must not be too quickly rejected since our ancestors were not all fools. Another way of saying the same thing is that there is nothing new under the sun except arrangement. Mercy, justice, and integrity have always been there and are there still, even now in an increasingly unpredictable and violent world. But these facts and principles are seen from time to time in new arrangements, new lights, new words, new equations.

Of what specific value is history, which in the end is simply journalism in another form? It might be well for the Now generation (and its parents) to take a look at the history of Rome whose decline and fall were brought about by factors and events painfully paralleling some of the things we are now going through in materialistic America. Rome, for example, found it necessary to raise taxes higher and higher as time went by to pay for foreign wars, preparations for war, or the social consequences of war. Soldiers discovered, however, that the pay they received when they returned from a campaign bought less than a smaller income had bought before they left home—the inflationary nature of military spending continually raised the price of everything.

Little by little, law and morals broke down and inflation soared. By the reign of Diocletian in the fourth century A.D. gold could buy only a fraction of what it had in the Golden Age that began with the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44 B.C. Lesser coinage eventually was inflated out of sight, then revalued. Violence grew to become so much a part of the daily routine of the average Roman that almost all of his diversions were obscenely cruel, particularly mass entertainment. In the end, constant inflation and weakening of moral fiber opened Rome to the sack of the Visigoths, and only the pleas of Pope Leo I saved the city and its populace from annihilation.

In the eighteenth century—a student of history may learn—Thomas Paine became world renowned as a political theorist: his *Common Sense* hastened the Declaration of Independence; his pamphlets sustained colonial revolutionaries until victory came; and his defense of the French Revolution *(The Rights of Man)* made him an unprecedented hero in France. Yet, after a triumphant Paris greeting in 1792, Paine was imprisoned by newer revolutionaries less than a year later in an "increasingly chaotic present." In the Reign of Terror that followed, Robespierre and his followers triumphed over the moderates, assassinated most of the opposition leaders—as they had in turn assassinated royal prisoners—and Robespierre himself was executed when his final excesses frightened even his own associates.

Who needs history? President Garfield called history the unrolled scroll of prophecy, and it is said that those who do not heed it are condemned to relive it. Who among us who lived through a year of bombing in London would be willing to bear another, with or without atomic warheads? Not many, surely. Yet each hour of each day we in this country and the Soviets in theirs—as well as others with lesser reserves—manufacture and stock-pile hydrogen bombs of such unbelievably destructive force that on both sides of the curtain there are already enough of these monsters to destroy within one week every city of any size in Europe and North America.

The revolution of the Now generation is not wholly idiotic and its adherents not all crazy kids with long hair and loose morals. Student violence usually grows from a kernel of truth and a moral judgment on the part of a good percentage of those who participate that the world they are about to inherit is wrong and needs righting. Men are not equal, men are hungry, men kill one another and have in their vaults the power to destroy all and everyone. But in his haste to overcome injustice, to outlaw war, to bring equality among men, to feed the hungry, and to aid the afflicted, the activist would be wise not to disregard knowledge of the past, since if he does he is, as Robespierre, likely to endure it.

—Richard L. Tobin.

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Letters to the Editor

Leadership for the Tinderbox

SOL LINOWITZ'S THOUGHTFUL article "Tinderbox in Latin America" [*SR*, Aug. 16] failed to mention one extremely important positive development of the 1960s in Latin America: the growth of some centers of management education and training. These centers are developing in uniquely national ways and their graduates are exerting progressive leadership.

In Colombia, an "Operation Development" program has brought business, government, and labor leaders together to learn and work for coordinated leadership. In Brazil, one school has turned most of its operating functions over to its students, with marked success. In Nicaragua, a management center serves as one focal point for Central American integration efforts.

Much of the credit for these centers' development goes to the oft-maligned U.S. Agency for International Development (AID), which had the foresight and wisdom in this particular case to meet a definite need.

TERRENCE CULLINAN,
Stanford Research Institute,
Menlo Park, Calif.

A Just Society

IN HIS ARTICLE "Can India Make It?" [*SR*, Aug. 9], Dr. Robert R. R. Brooks presented a balanced view of India's problems and her achievements since independence. As our late Prime Minister Nehru has put it, "The problem is to create a just society in just ways."

Dr. Brooks did not mention the contribution of livestock production in alleviating food shortage. Even though production of livestock is hopelessly poor and husbandry methods are primitive and uneconomical, the contribution is substantial, more so because milk and milk products are a major source of animal proteins. Contrary to what many believe in this country, there is no religious objection to the use of milk and milk products.

Most farmers consider agriculture as their hereditary livelihood rather than a business or a profession. It will be a long while before proper attitudes are cultivated.

BAKUL M. BHATT,
West Virginia University,
Morgantown, W. Va.

BROOKS BELIEVES THAT agricultural productivity is the key to Indian development, and he gives the impression that relative prosperity can be had by merely making available the proper technologies in an appropriate mix. What Brooks fails to see, however, is that the availability of technology does not insure its use by society, and there is a growing awareness in academic circles that the average rural Indian has no inclination or incentive to employ new technologies.

Brooks, like many economists, does not involve himself with "non-economic factors." He should remember that an economist is also a social scientist.

DONALD N. SATZ,
Northeastern University,
Boston, Mass.

Reading Rates

REGARDING N.C.'S EDITORIAL "Books and Transplants" [*SR*, July 5], schools have been teaching children *how* to read rather than simply read. The result is generations of adults who are interested in input of facts only. As a result, they are susceptible to speed merchants who claim that their lack of understanding is due to their slow reading rate.

What we fail to communicate to children in our reading instruction is that speed is related to purpose. If our purpose is to gather facts, skimming and other forms of rapid reading are fine. If our purpose is to appreciate some special insight of an author, a very slow rate is more beneficial than a rapid rate. We must all learn to differentiate our reading rate according to our purpose for reading.

CHARLES T. MANGRUM II,
Director, Graduate Reading
Fellowship Program,
University of Miami,
Coral Gables, Fla.

Moving Bones

ARTHUR GOODFRIEND in "The Cognoscenti Abroad-VII: Carl Foreman's London" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Aug. 16] leaves one with the impression that Shakespeare's bones are entombed in Westminster Abbey. Both Mr. Foreman and Mr. Goodfriend should amble up to Stratford-on-Avon. There inside the church of the Holy Trinity they might stand near the spot where the Bard was lowered. Engraved in stone is his own admonition:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To dig the dust encloased heare.
Blese be y man y spares thes stones,
And curst be he y moves my bones.

MRS. EVELYN BALLANCE,
Akron, O.

Into the Pit

G. M. FEIGEN'S article "Bucky Fuller and the Firewalk" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, July 12] may be erroneous on one point. He seems to assert that the firewalk was practiced *only* in New Guinea, New Britain, Fiji, and Raiatea. In fact, it was practiced also in Japan, China, Malaya, Tahiti, Society Islands, New Zealand, Mauritius, Bulgaria, Spain, and the Indian subcontinent.

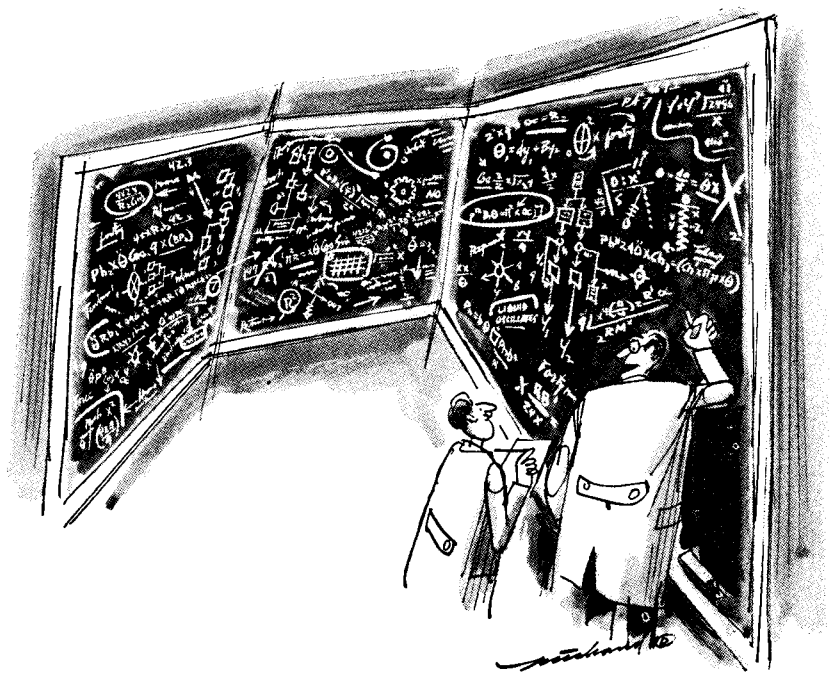
With regard to the latter there is a well-documented report of a firewalk sponsored by the Maharaja of Mysore, at which 200 European (mostly British) guests were present. Here, the pit, unlike the one at Raiatea, was not covered with rocks, so the walkers stepped directly on the bed of glowing embers. Several guests were led by the hand and walked across the firebed, and, unlike Mr. Feigen, did not find their feet charred.

IGNACIO L. GOTZ,
Hempstead, N.Y.

Asleep at the Wheel

THOSE WHO want to preserve rail travel applaud Elmo Roper's article "One Helluva Way to Run a Railroad" [*SR*, June 28], which suggests imagination and innovation in passenger service. An additional idea for profit and comfort: night-freighters to haul the cars of transcontinental drivers, who could continue to cover the miles as travelers in sleepers.

JANE N. POSTON,
Cambridge, Mass.



"I'm getting close to the answer but can't for the life of me remember what the problem was."

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An essay review of "The Trial of Dr. Spock," by Jessica Mitford (Knopf, 272 pp., $5.95)

The Real Crime of "The Boston Five"

by EMILE CAPOUYA

Jessica Mitford's previous books made it quite clear that she is not one of those who are neither hot nor cold. Now she has written a shamelessly partisan account of the trial of Dr. Spock and his four co-defendants. She characterizes the whole business as a "political trial," alleges that the Department of Justice was cynical in framing the indictment—conspiracy to aid, abet, and counsel violations of the Selective Service Act—and in selecting the defendants out of the many thousands of persons to whom that convenient and vaporous charge could apply, that the judge presiding was biased against the defendants and arbitrary in his rulings, that the jury meekly accepted his instructions as a directive to convict, that the defendants themselves were the best and most valuable kind of citizens, deserving well of the republic for their open opposition in word and deed to the undeclared war in Vietnam.

With all of that I agree completely. Now that public opinion about the war is changing, now that one sees bumper stickers that say, "Support our boys—bring them home alive," I imagine Miss Mitford's book, partisan as it is, will persuade many readers that the real crime of "the Boston Five" was their embarrassment of the government at a stage when it was not ready to concede, as it has since done tacitly, that the war was a dreadful mistake and must be ended. I assume the change in public feeling is at least partly accountable for the fact that of the four defendants convicted, two have been cleared completely by the appellate court and two granted new trials on technical grounds.

The drama of the courtroom is always compelling. Miss Mitford gives spirited sketches of the defendants, of the lawyers on both sides, of the judge, and of the supers in the trial, including functionaries of the court and witnesses for the government and for the defense. But I found the most interesting portions of the book to be her reflections on issues raised by the trial that go beyond the case itself, beyond the fate of the accused—even though I regard them as exemplary men who had earned our applause rather than the jeopardy of the law.

One such issue comes up in connection with Miss Mitford's discussion of procedural safeguards for persons on trial. She suggests that the trial of the Boston Five, taken with other cases she cites in which the legal decencies were rather more scrupulously observed, demonstrates that procedural fairness is merely the least condition for securing justice. The author argues that in trials of this kind jurors are likely to find against the defendant, despite their sympathy for him, in the belief that he is technically guilty of violating the law, and the law must be sustained. But Miss Mitford then goes on to say that at given times and on given issues, juries have in fact voted their consciences in defiance of laws they felt were unjust or inappropriate.

If I read her correctly, she is urging upon potential jurors a little less slavishness, a little more independence in pronouncing on matters that involve moral conflict between the claims of the individual and those of the law. But, on her own showing, that is a little like speaking in favor of the precession of the equinoxes. Jurors will conscientiously find against the spirit of the statute when the times and the issues are compelling enough

EMILE CAPOUYA, a free-lance writer, has long been contributing essays to *SR*.

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—though indeed it is some service merely to remind them, as Miss Mitford does, of the possibility that they may prefer to consult their inner light.

Yet the question remains, under what circumstances can a citizen feel justified in hoping that juries will nullify laws by refusing to convict? The answer can only be, when the average juror is well enough educated, well enough informed, and has broad enough sympathies to justify his following his conscience rather than the judge's charge. In that day, however, governments will not be bringing indictments for political advantage, judges will not offer Draconic interpretations of the law, the law itself will have evolved into a more generous, more flexible, more humane instrument of public policy. At the very least, we shall not be treated, as in this instance, to the spectacle of good men answering for their convictions under the threat of criminal sanctions, and their lawyers—good lawyers—trying mostly to defend them against the imputation of having any convictions whatsoever.

In fact, urging juries to vote their conscience amounts to invoking a state of society we are far from having achieved, and toward which we are making little deliberate progress. To breed up a tribe of jurors who could and should be independent in

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Benjamin Spock—"The requirements of government and those of conscience are not easily compatible."

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Deprived of Career

IN REVIEWING MY BOOK, *The Coming of the Black Man*, Martin Kilson refers to me four times as Reverend Scott. It is one thing to accept with equanimity the panning of one's book by an incompetent reviewer, but it is quite another to be deprived of one's cherished career at the same time.

I am a nuclear scientist and have been since 1943. It is the only career I have ever followed. To forestall any more erroneous conclusions by Mr. Kilson, I want to explicitly state that I am *not* engaged in research and have not been since 1946, but rather have worked in commercial companies to their satisfaction and profit and my own.

I have been related to whites of all types in my career and in civic affairs as well, and I still am. I have never been called psychologically "sick" in these dealings and I am by no means persuaded that the book indicates this to those who have read it. Mr. Kilson's innuendo comes close to libel, I think, and is hardly literary criticism.

BENJAMIN F. SCOTT,
Boston, Mass.

Melville Revival

PROFESSOR HENNIG COHEN's article on Melville [*SR*, Aug. 16] and the current interest in *Moby-Dick* and the other works was a most commendable piece for the 150th anniversary of the author's birth. He made a reference to the "revival" of Melville in the 1920s after many years of uncritical neglect except for what he terms the underground interest.

It was my privilege in 1930-31 to meet on several occasions the man who is usually credited with the Melville revival, Raymond Weaver of Columbia University. If the present generation doesn't know the circumstances this may be of interest:

When I was serving as chairman of a committee temporarily managing the Muhlenberg Forum of the People's Institute in 1931 we asked Dr. Weaver to give a lecture. In his lecture Dr. Weaver told this story, as I recollect it:

About 1920-22 Boni & Liveright proposed to reissue the novels of Melville and asked Carl Van Doren to write a series of prefaces for them, and edit the texts. Because of another writing project Van Doren persuaded his colleague Dr. Weaver to undertake the task. In working his way through the novels, reading many of them for the first time, and in preparing his introductions and eventually a full-length biography of Melville, Dr. Weaver became the critic who laid the groundwork for the revival and the new interpretation of *Moby-Dick*. He recalled how Melville's granddaughter Mrs. Eleanor Metcalfe of Cambridge, Mass., opened for him the trunk of Melville's papers she had just acquired, and in it they found the manuscript of "Billy Budd," which had not as yet been published.

I can remember reading a history of American literature published not long before the 1920s in which Melville was called a follower of Cooper, "though in point of quality, at some distance." It was Weaver, of course, who did most to change such views.

CLAYTON HOAGLAND,
Rutherford, N.J.

Irish Need Not Die

ASSUMING, ARGUENDO, that Irish is "moribund," as William Parente states in his review of *The Agony of the American Left* [*SR*, July 26], it does not follow perforce that it need die. Mr. Parente's attitude betrays an egregious, nay, total lack of appreciation of the importance of one's native language in providing a sense of personal identity through knowledge of, and link with, one's past. A man's native tongue serves as the repository of the literature, folklore, hopes, history and ideals of his forebears for generations untold: all totally and irrevocably lost when a foreign language displaces the native language which embodies them. (*Cf.* the current militant attitudes of the French-Canadians and the Welsh regarding their languages.)

I fear that Mr. Parente's remark was prompted by an unfortunate ignorance of the great literature, written and oral, which exists in Irish (e.g., in regards to modern literature, Liam O'Flaherty and Brendan Behan, to name two of many, wrote some of their finest works in Irish); the extraordinary range, subtlety and beauty of the language; and the ineffable travails Irish has undergone—victim of relentless enmity and suppression concomitant to centuries of foreign hegemony of the nation of which it is the native language.

MAJOR LEO KEARNEY O'DRUDY,
Camp Courtney, Okinawa

No Indifference Towards Negroes

PROFESSOR MARGARET L. COIT in her review of *From Hayes to McKinley* [*SR*, Aug. 9] says, "But there was a rising tide of indifference towards the Negroes . . ." But the point is that there was no indifference towards the Negroes. The great and noble experiment to extend democratic government to the Negroes was defeated but with constant, consistent, persistent and conscious efforts which produced a flood of anti-Negro legislation designed to keep the Negro in his place. In fact, for all practical purposes, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were made null and void for most of the Negroes in the South.

PETER OLSEN,
Jamaica, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

PARIS.

The shop windows indicate that Parisians are not limiting their summer reading exclusively to the latest books by Françoise Sagan, J. M. G. Le Clézio, and Romain Gary (on Gary Cooper as American symbol). Two unexpected names, Balzac and Agrippa d'Aubigné, claim attention. With new editions of his complete works now coming out in Italy and Spain, it should not surprise us that Balzac is "alive and well in Paris." There are even those who insist on his contemporaneity, such as the Italian editor G. Macchia, who has just put out a translation of Curtius's study of the prolific novelist. "For him, as for us today," declares Macchia, "it's a matter of facing a crisis of the novel, but at the same time of rejecting the destruction of the genre." Anyway, it is doubtful that anyone in the world has read everything Balzac wrote, so there is always something more to turn to.

For those who are really serious about this writer, like those Les-Amis-de-Balzac chaps, Larousse issues a *Dictionnaire de Balzac*, by Félix Longaud. Within its 255 pages one finds exhaustive explanations of everything connected with the great coffee-drinker: titles, names, residences, travels, *tout, tout, tout*. Even the inevitable chronology and bibliography. And not excepting the words particularly cherished by Balzac: *lion* (dandy), *raout* (binge), *lorette* (broad, *fem.*), and so on.

Few Americans have ever heard of that Protestant epic of the late Renaissance, *Les Tragiques*. Professional French literary historians neglected this great baroque poem for three centuries. The *Tragiques* are d'Aubigné's record of the religious wars that divided France until the accession of Henri IV. The highlights of those wars, such as the St. Bartholomew's Day massacres, are reported with the greatest sustained indignation since Dante's *Inferno*. Garnier-Flammarion has just published an edition of *Tragiques*, while studies of d'Aubigné have been issued by Gallimard and Seghers. But most important is the appearance of the collected works of d'Aubigné in the prestigious Bibliothèque de la Pléiade, making available such virtually unknown minor writings as his letters, his "autobiography" for his children, love poetry, meditations on the Psalms, and a tract on the mutual obligations of king and subjects. There must be in the United States or the United Kingdom some organization dedicated to the preservation of important Protestant literature which could undertake the presentation in English of this fiery Renaissance figure.

A year ago I discussed *The Birds*, by prize-winning Norwegian novelist Tarjei Vesaas (born 1897), and mentioned *Palace of Ice*, his chronicle of the Nazi occupation of Norway. Another of his slender novels, *The Bridges*, now available in English from London (Peter Owen), once more shows Vesaas's skill in picturing adolescents. Three eighteen-year-olds make up the cast. Torvil and his girl friend Aud are horrified to come upon a newborn baby lying dead under branches in a wood. Its unwed mother presents herself to them to see if they intend to report their find. The complex relationships of the three youngsters evolve slowly and awkwardly toward a climax of common love and compassion. Forcing his simple realism to accept a few basic symbols (his bridges are bridges of understanding), Vesaas again brings out the nobility of the simple, quiet people of Norway. It is probably true, as his compatriots claim, that no one since Olav Duun has succeeded so well in capturing the Norwegian soul.

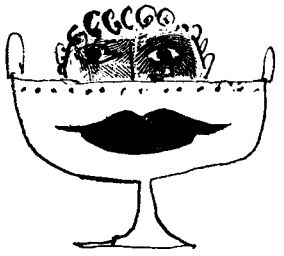
Morrow, who published *The Birds* earlier this week, will issue *The Bridges* next year.

Ever since Günter Grass started writing his fey, nonsensical verses, German poets have followed in his wake. One of the most successful is surely Fritz Grasshoff, whose two volumes I have been enjoying: *Klassische Halunkenpostille* (Wacky Classical Lessons) and *Unverblümtes Lieder und Lästerbuch* (Blunt Song- and Scandalbook). Grasshoff has decorated almost every page with his daft cartoons (see sketch). Obviously a humorist steeped in classical study, he includes in the first book translations and impressions from Archilochus, Theognis, Anacreon, Asclepiades, and Leonidas of Tarentum among the Greeks, and from Catullus, Horace, Martial, and Juvenal among the Romans. The German Hellenist Winckelmann would be shocked at these, but they are in exactly the appropriate *cochon* spirit of the original satires.

Grasshoff's second volume turns on his own country and century, spoofing social types from ex-Nazis to sex goddesses. His playful exploitation of language as an instrument of humor comes out nicely in "Personal Welcome from the Proprietor of a Greek Restaurant," which starts:

> Kirje jermáno
> prima–kalo!
> Mit äroplano
> *kommen von wo?* . . .
>
> Du einmal essen
> quísina greca,
> bleiben gesessen
> mit dein jinéka . . .

We were always told we should learn German so we could read Goethe in the original. No one ever told us that poets like Grasshoff would come as a bonus.



–From "Klassische Halunkenpostille."

From Editorial Lumen of Barcelona comes a picture-book edition of Rafael Alberti's sea poems. Born in Cádiz, poet-painter Alberti always claimed to be mostly a poet of the sea (Mediterranean and Caribbean). This collection is illustrated not with his own paintings or drawings (except for the frontispiece), but with full-page photographs by Catalá Roca that zoom in on the familiar images in the verse: fishermen, rowers, sailors, ships, boats, harbors, strands, gulls, nets, and the rest. A happy marriage of word and image.

Aguilar, which pioneered in publishing a yearbook of Spain's best plays, is offering its second annual volume of *Poesía Hispánica*, for 1968. Great poets like Alberti and Aleixandre share space with lesser names. In view of the official disapproval of Spain's provincial languages, it is exciting to find poems in Catalan, Galician, and Basque, the last accompanied by Castilian translations. Not only is Latin America represented, but Spanish-language poets from Austria (Angelika Becker) and Turkey (Soliman Salom).

Also to be congratulated for its fruitful publication program is the courageous Madrid house of Cuadernos para el Diálogo. With the government watching like a hawk what is written for the theater and outlawing even plays by Sartre, Cuadernos does well to include in its theater series (paperbacks at 56 to 74 cents) such controversial dramas as John Ar-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Poetry Quarterly:

Voice of the Poet: Oracular, Eerie, Daring

by DAN JAFFE

A number of years ago a well-known editor wrote me that any book of poetry with merit would soon be picked up by a publisher. I doubt the accuracy of that observation as much now as I did then, for I know of a number of unpublished manuscripts that are better than many of the books in the discard pile before me. This heap contains books by literary figures as well as by unknown writers. It includes verse replete with secondhand emotions and worn-out properties. I've tossed out the effusions of those who are as easily stimulated by plastic as they are by flesh. Although one could cull fine lines, metaphors, insights, even whole poems from these books, generally they seem merely adequate at best. That can't be said of the books examined below, whatever my criticism of them.

These days it's hard to approach a work of Robert Lowell's naturally. There's a tendency, encouraged by the extensive critical commentary on the book jacket of *Notebook 1967-68* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6), to expect the monumental. For the past few years Lowell has been easing onto a literary pedestal. The hero-worshipers needed someone to fill at least one of the vacancies created by the deaths of many of the century's most prominent poets. Lowell, of course, was an obvious nominee. *Lord Weary's Castle* and *Life Studies* made that clear. Here was a man able to risk the universe and the self, history and the moment. He had a language and a past he could wrench himself from in the search for new groundings. Before we knew it Excalibur quivered in his hand. At the same time he captured the public imagination and the affections of the scrupulous by his refusal to appear at the White House and by his other energetic anti-Vietnam War activities. The poet was a man of conscience who could be stirred to action, to the most affirmative kind of "No."

All of this, it seems to me, has put Robert Lowell in a fix. That fix is demonstrated in *Notebook*, a dazzling indication of Lowell's productiveness (more than 150 pages of poetry in two years). ". . . the poems in this book," he is quoted on the jacket as stating, "are written as one poem . . . My plot rolls with the seasons." There is a suggestion that though "accident threw up subject" and though the book is "not a chronicle" it ought to be read as a novel is read, with the necessary pauses for refreshment and sleep. I tried to follow such a course but found it impossible. I caught myself skipping, trying to escape the tedium of Lowell's rhythms.

A few years ago Lowell said the iambic pentameter line was dead. It has wrought its revenge. From the first to the last page of this book that meter clamps on the reader either a regular or a slightly jagged vise. It's almost as if the stuff of Lowell's recollections has been dropped into a series of similarly shaped satchels no matter what he's packing. I am not one of those who thinks the five-pulse line has given up the ghost, only that there are more variations possible than Lowell exhibits here. Often when he introduces rhythmic variations they seem haphazard. I would venture that the ear that hears them as right has lost its sense of emphasis.

One continually has the feeling that it would make no difference if a line were snatched from one poem and inserted into another, at least no rhythmic difference. Sometimes, in fact, the results sound like *almost* any other poem in the book. Here are lines from three, "The Muse," "Randall Jarrell: 1914-1965," and "October and November," printed as if they came from the same poem:

> She never married, because she loved
> to talk,
> Grizzling up the embers of our
> onetime life,
> Under the too white marmoreal
> Lincoln Memorial,

Notebook dulls the senses because it fails to communicate a sense of importance. From insight to banality, from taut metaphor to easy statement the tone remains the same. Whether the topic is the Chicago convention, Robert Frost, or onion-skin paper, the intensity of the voice hardly varies.

Repeatedly these poems tell us, with the inflections of a superior authority, what we already know. And one often shrinks from the philosophical snobbishness:

> Before the final coming to rest,
> comes rest
> of all transcendence in a mode of
> being, stopping
> all becoming.

Many of these poems deal explicitly with political events. Unfortunately, though they do demonstrate Lowell's concerns, they fail to illuminate them. No one who has kept in touch will find that the poet has made them see through the apparent. *Notebook* wastes energy and language. Does Lowell need to tell us his blood "stains, slips, drips, sticks; and it's lukewarm"? Perhaps if it were otherwise we would need to be informed.

I'm reacting strongly because of the greatness of my expectations, because I can quote from memory whole chunks of earlier Lowell. Certainly one ought not to blue-pencil him as if he were an undergraduate theme writer. But one expects Lowell to blue-pencil himself. And one expects that when he deals with people or events he will do more than use them to embellish his own oracular voice.

James Schevill's *Violence and Glory* (Swallow Press, $6.50) has a favorable, if rather subdued, note of approval by Robert Lowell on the jacket. Written between 1962 and 1968, this collection of poems is highly varied—at its worst merely sound, at its best enormously rewarding. Schevill has accomplished what is most difficult: he enables the reader to slip out of his ego, to engage himself in other lives and other ways of perceiving the world. One can do this because Schevill can. He provides us with what we need to know but no more. The diction and pace vary as the subject demands. *Violence and Glory* has a feeling of achievement about it; it's the product of a craftsman who consistently exhibits enthusiasm, who is willing to attempt all sorts of things technically, to try on many masks. Sometimes the skill is too apparent, but for the most part even those poems written especially for public performance work off the page. They suggest that Schevill's real purpose is to share rather than to show off. Usually his poems look out and draw the reader in. They say, "Here, be a Jewish

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grocer; here, be da Vinci; here, be Hokusai: The Old Man Mad About Painting."

An Ear in Bartram's Tree: Selected Poems, 1957-1967 (University of North Carolina Press, $7.50) is the work of an avid collector. Jonathan Williams snags odd bits of information, characteristic gestures, unique speech patterns. His book is eclectic in style and subject; it gives the impression of scholarship without narcissism, muscle without pomposity. On occasion it may be almost private, even cute, at times cluttered with outrageous puns, but these seem the faults of a man whose admiration for terseness and intelligence is so strong he may sometimes sacrifice other virtues.

Williams, who celebrates the too often forgotten notion of the melting pot, provides a wide variety of accents and beats as well as selective glimpses of Americana. Here is a poet who can dig Charlie "Bird" Parker and savor the most erudite minutia.

Ronald Johnson is a devotee of Walt Whitman, the Black Mountain poets, and the world of nature sliding under the cement. He attempts

> . . . to read
> the twigged, branchy writing
> of frost, spider, & galactic cluster.

The poems in his *Valley of the Many-Colored Grasses* (Norton, $4.95) are frankly romantic but not in the manner of the Beat poets; rather, they are verbal equivalents of the Rousseau paintings that Johnson celebrates, calculated expressions of the energy of the universe. These are symbolist poems in intention, but they are informed by the facts of art and flora. Writing in an often extremely elevated diction, hardly fashionable today, Johnson utilizes words most contemporary poets shun, words like *ultimate, exquisite, chaos, fronds, gorgeous,* and *celestial.* But Johnson is no purveyor of poesy. He counterpoints carefully and when he stumbles he does so not because he walks too easily but too self-consciously.

Without fanfare, with a kind of quiet insistency, David Wagoner is becoming one of the most important American poets now producing. His *New and Selected Poems* (Indiana University Press, $6) demonstrates not only a consistently high level of performance but steady development. In its tough, detailed understatement Wagoner's voice can be lyrical or dramatic, sociological or philosophical, suggestive or witty. Without commentary Wagoner suggests in "St. Vincent DePaul's"—the first poem in the section of new poems—the pathos of the poor in a land of waste. The poem is factual but full of eerie nuances, lives that cannot be catalogued away. A single sentence runs its length, listing the free shoes stirring in rain. Here's part of it:

> Now in the falling water
> Under their own steam
> Like rising ghosts of socks,
> The sneakers stuck together,
> Slippers whose pompoms
> Bloom like anemones,
> Golf shoes for trespassing,
> The tongueless, the mismatched
> For an hour helping themselves,
> Free as long as they last.

The catalogue transforms itself. The shoes are not merely shoes but personalities filled with bitterness and possibility.

Wagoner is a poet of the dispossessed, of the left-out; of bums, criminals, magicians, garbagemen; of all who zigzag through life without expectations of easy providence. But these are gentle poems, curiously without anger, poems that look honestly into the coldest wind.

Elizabeth Bishop — The Complete Poems (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.50) testifies to the undiminished stature of one of the century's best poets. Elizabeth Bishop has naturalness, grace, elegance, toughness, generosity and compassion. Her poems have not lost luster with time; they seem in fact to have grown richer. Nor has she lost her eye or her ability to mold an arresting metaphor. In "Going to the Bakery," an undated poem from the new and previously uncollected section, she writes:

> the roundcakes look about to faint—
> each turns up
>
> a glazed white eye.
> The gooey tarts are red and sore.

This is an unexpectedly ominous description in which "glazed" becomes more than a reference to slick icing. It links up with "faint" and "sore" to produce an unpleasant taste in the mouth. Later Miss Bishop trumps the sequence:

> . . . the loaves of bread
> lie like yellow-fever victims
> laid out in a crowded ward.

Elizabeth Bishop's poems can make the most surprising connections, which seem not only easily come to but appropriate. I'm struck by the number of her earlier poems that foreshadow the poetic explorations of today.

Jack Anderson's *The Invention of New Jersey* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $2.50) may well startle those who demand literal sense. Anderson probes the flickering surfaces of a disjointed America. He unearths the dangers in the usual—bullets in loaves of bread. He delves into the logic of irrationality. The title poem of this book is a tour de force in the best sense of that phrase. It zips along—surrealistically it would seem—until the reader recognizes a world in which it is sometimes almost impossible to discriminate between illusion and reality.

> in place of a river
> place the road like a slim pair of pants
> set to dry beside a neon frankfurter
> in place of New Jersey
> place a plastic New Jersey

These are poems of human consequence, and they announce a poet who bares a peculiar imagination in the search for sense. In his best poems, among which I include "Ceremony of Departure," "Health Poem," "The State," and "The White Chapter," Anderson combines the instincts of the

(*Continued on page* 62)

"I should like to ask the man who threw that whether he enjoyed paying 79 cents a dozen!"

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Agents for Death

THE WAR BUSINESS: The International Trade in Armaments

by George Thayer

Simon & Schuster, 417 pp., $6.95

DURING THE PAST QUARTER CENTURY, in response to Communist threats, we have created an enormous war industry, which now permeates the pores of our society, distorts it in innumerable ways, and often causes us to behave in a fashion that we not only would find abhorrent in other nations but hardly dare admit to ourselves. Nations, like individuals, have psychic defense mechanisms, which supress recognition of acts or behavior patterns that do too much violence to the cherished self-images created to permit them to function. The official traffic in conventional arms described by George Thayer in *The War Business* is a perfect example of this.

When I was a boy the world was much simpler than it is today, and it was easier to recognize the bad guys. Armaments were invented by perverted individuals and made by malevolent private companies—Krupp, du Pont, Bofors, Oerlikon—and it was clear that they had to be watched. Their motive, too, was simple—money. The merchants of death were well known and despised. Everyone was aware that Sir Basil Zaharoff was one of the world's most influential arms salesmen, that he bought influence in high places and that he would sell munitions to anyone who could afford them. Though Sir Basil's counterparts exist today and make fortunes dealing in arms, they live in dark shadows cast by the arms traffic of the major nations of the world.

We the people, through our governments, be we American, French, Russian, or English, are today's merchants of death. In some areas of the world we have provided vast amounts of arms, frequently to both sides involved in a dispute, in desperate and usually futile attempts to maintain stability and prevent war. The Middle East and the Indian subcontinent are two cases in point. In other regions we have used arms sales or gifts as a way of buying political allegiance. Often, as in Latin America and Africa, this has had the result of introducing unneeded and unmanageably sophisticated weapons systems such as jet fighters, tanks and submarines into relatively tranquil locales, thus creating mini-arms races between nations with little or no basis for conflict. These poverty-stricken countries can ill afford to waste money in this way. Moreover, when armed,

George Thayer—"a thorough job."

nations usually find something to fight about. Just a few weeks ago Honduras and El Salvador were having a shooting war about the outcome of a soccer game.

Although hundreds of the most reputable companies compete for the arms business, there are arms merchants to meet all needs and fit all pocketbooks. Shady one-man operations will sell any revolutionary a few guns or obsolete aircraft, and even arrange for their delivery for a slight additional fee. Then there are the big private firms capable of supplying great quantities of modern armaments which, even if not the latest model, could support a sizable war. Mr. Thayer suspects, though he was never able to prove it, that some of the large arms dealers work intimately with governments, possibly as their agents. Such firms have representatives around the world and may even have sub-depots in foreign countries to speed delivery and avoid control by their home government.

The next step up the scale in both size and respectability is the arms manufacturer, whose most important customer or sponsor is usually his own government but whose overseas sales provide a very important source of income. In most cases these companies are aided and abetted in their foreign sales by their governments either for political reasons or because of the balance of payments income that such sales provide. In some instances it is difficult to tell where the private incentive ends and official action begins. For example, most industrial manufacturers of weapons receive official sanction for their sales. Indeed, the French government actually provides a catalogue of military hardware available in France. The bulk of the weapons suppliers have close ties to their home governments, and several of them, such as the French company SUDAVIATION, are owned by national governments. In addition, nearly all depend upon their own governments for research and development support.

But the most aggressive and successful weapons peddlers are the world's great powers themselves, with national treasuries to finance their deals and huge amounts of high quality surplus to sell or even give away if the competition gets stiff. *The War Business* describes the vast scale of arms sales, amounting to many billions of dollars per year, by the major powers, among whom our own country is the acknowledged leader. Weapons provided in this way instigate and sustain the conventional-arms races.

Though I do not like the anecdotal style of *The War Business*, the author has done a thorough job of documenting, for the first time, one of the most dangerous yet least appreciated aspects of mankind's walk along the brink. In the United States we are experiencing a national movement in the Congress and among a large segment of the population bent on bringing a runaway military system under more effective control. Its primary focus has been the immediate impact on American society of the nuclear arms race, the Vietnam War, and the effects of too much military spending. This book makes it clear that there is another dimension to the problem which requires urgent attention.

It is not as if the control of conventional arms were an unrecognized problem. Many efforts have been made by the United Nations and other groups to create international machinery to limit the conventional-arms traffic and to substitute other means, both legal and military, to deal with local and regional conflicts, but these initiatives have failed for lack of support by the big powers. Even the existing U.N. arrangements would work much more effectively if the major powers would support them. For example, the United Nations peace-keeping forces have never been adequately financed and their past activities have created a large deficit. Two hundred million dollars per year—less than one quarter of the amount involved in the controversial ABM budget—would allow the U.N. to maintain a truly effective peace-keeping force, but so far no one has wanted it. Understanding must precede action. One hopes that this book will make a contribution to both.

Jerome B. Wiesner

Jerome B. Wiesner, provost of M.I.T., wrote "Where Science and Politics Meet." From 1961-64 Dr. Wiesner was special assistant to the President on science and technology.

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NO EXIT FROM VIETNAM

by Sir Robert Thompson

McKay, 208 pp., $4.50

WHO WE ARE:
An Atlantic Chronicle of the United States and Vietnam

edited by Robert Manning and Michael Janeway

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 391 pp., $7.95

AMERICANS ARE GETTING TIRED of thinking about Vietnam, and this is a dangerous sign. "Those who cannot remember the past," wrote Santayana, "are condemned to repeat it." If that is true, then the current spate of books on Vietnam may be serving scant purpose. This is not to say, of course, that every book must teach a lesson and that such lessons must then be followed if the writing is not to have been in vain. Rather, the point is that there are so many crucial lessons to be learned from America's experience in Vietnam that a failure properly to identify and profit from them would amount to a crime more horrendous than our involvement in the war itself.

Sir Robert Thompson, widely considered the world's leading authority on counter-insurgency warfare, presents us in *No Exit from Vietnam* with his views of the causes and nature of the war and the strategies adopted by both sides in the pursuit of their varying definitions of victory. Although he discusses primarily the years since 1965, Sir Robert draws amply on his own experience from 1961-1965 as head of the British Advisory Mission to South Vietnam, as well as on his subsequent trips to Saigon as consultant for the U.S. Government. Before Thompson's involvement with Vietnam, he was widely respected as the architect of Britain's victory over the Malayan Communist guerrillas in the 1950s. One of this book's most interesting contributions, in fact, is his authoritative references to the similarities and differences between the Malay and Vietnamese insurgencies; both, he feels, were not at heart "wars to evict the imperialists but wars to decide the colonial succession."

In terms of what he would have us learn—not only lessons of military tactics, but of understanding of character weaknesses as well—Sir Robert is eminently reasonable. His chapter on "The Failure of American Strategy" points to some of our faults as they have been manifested in Vietnam: impatience, impulsiveness, aggressiveness, overly emotional reactions, and reliance on wealth. To these might be added over-reliance on technology and lack of understanding of what Vietnam and the Vietnamese are all about. ("Saigon was inundated with teams of American political and social scientists and every form of expert, researching and analyzing from preconceived Western ideas every facet of Vietnamese life and motivation. They succeeded in scratching every itch and frequently where it didn't itch at all.")

The most serious error, as Sir Robert points out, has been the failure to realize that the Vietnamese revolution is not essentially a military matter, but a political and social one. What would be needed, in short, is not counter-*insurgency* but counter-*revolution*. "The American forces," he notes, "fought a separate war which ignored its political and other aspects, and were not on a collision course with the Vietcong and North Vietnamese, who therefore had a free run in the real war. It was just as if the Americans, having been frustrated in the chess game, thought that they could win by going off and playing poker instead."

If Sir Robert really feels that the United States has been playing poker rather than chess, his conclusions—a rhapsody of "light at the end of the tunnel" (if we only improve and then persist)—come as a jolting surprise. "Failures . . . can be retrieved and harmony restored," he writes in the preface; but this optimistic judgment does not take into account the unpopularity of the Thieu régime in Saigon (though Thompson believes the régime *is* popular) and the cynicism of too many South Vietnamese toward the entire war effort—in short, the fact that the anti-Communist side has already forfeited its generous opportunities in Vietnam. Sir Robert believes that "now, more than at any time in the past decade, it is vital for the United States to keep its pledge and stand by South Vietnam. There is no exit. . . . A complete if not altogether a happy victory could still be won."

Had Sir Robert's approach been followed earlier, along with that of others whose advice was also ignored, it is just possible that events in Vietnam might have been different. But this was not the case, and his is wistful optimism. For those of us who have been involved in one way or another with Vietnam, failure has been no easy thing to acknowledge. Not to acknowledge it, however, is to fly in the face of current realities, not the least of which is the disillusion in America itself.

It is for understanding American attitudes that *Who We Are* has value. A collection of diverse (though all relatively dovish) articles that have appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* since late 1966, *Who We Are* is not the integrated, in-depth history of "wartime America" that one hopes will be written one day after the dust has settled. Beginning relatively late in the Vietnam chronology, the compilation now seems a series of disjointed and dated reflections.

This is not to say that certain of the articles are not well worth rereading. Frances FitzGerald's "Tragedy of Saigon" (1966) and "The Struggle and the War" (1967) provide stimulating social

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TRAVELING MEN

All of the characters below found a certain amount of travel necessary during their careers. Kathleen Petersen of Schenectady, N. Y., asks you to match each name with a destination, and tell why the trip was necessary. The ticket office is on page 62.

1. Aeneas ( )	a. Avalon	A. to arrange an ambush
2. Aragorn ( )	b. Avernus	B. to conquer invaders
3. Arthur ( )	c. Colchis	C. to consult his dead father
4. Beowulf ( )	d. Eden	D. to fetch a coat of wool
5. The Cid ( )	e. Gondor	E. to fight a monster
6. Ganelon ( )	f. Green Chapel	F. to find his missing father
7. Gawain ( )	g. Heorot	G. to heal his wounds
8. Jason ( )	h. Lanka	H. to receive a blow
9. Rama ( )	i. Saragossa	I. to reclaim a throne
10. Satan ( )	j. Sparta	J. to rescue his wife
11. Siegfried ( )	k. Valencia	K. to seduce a man and a woman
12. Telemachus ( )	l. Worms	L. to win a princess

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and political reporting on relatively untouched aspects of Vietnam. Judge Wyzanski's "On Civil Disobedience," coupled with a letter by Leo Tolstoy containing "Advice to a Draftee," is thought-provoking fare on the dilemmas faced by young Americans. And there are others, too.

If we are looking for lessons, however, probably the most important contributions are the ones by James C. Thomson, Jr. ("How Could Vietnam Happen?") and Bill Moyers ("About the War and LBJ"). Moyers, musing upon the various and seemingly unavoidable decisions for escalation of the war, notes that on this subject (as on others) "a lot of people have dealt in hindsight, and hindsight is the mother of righteousness about the fallibility of other men's judgments."

Thomson, whose analysis is perhaps the most brilliant and insightful yet to appear in print, gives his reasons for why Vietnam happened as far as the United States is concerned: the ideological legacies of the 1950s, under which the Establishment of the 1960s was laboring; the lack of any real Vietnam expertise in the U.S. Government; the too-human dynamics of expression and limited dissent among members of the Johnson Administration; the Executive fatigue and bureaucratic detachment; the preoccupation with public relations—or wishful thinking—as opposed to policy-making, and, perhaps above all, the human ego investment, which could not be denied a self-justification through victory.

American involvement in Vietnam is not, of course, over, and the record has hardly begun to be written. It is regrettable that so many Americans—whether in fatigue, disgust, or guilt—turn away from the very mention of the war. Though their sentiments are understandable, it seems to assure that this complex and epochal period for America (not to mention for Vietnam) will fade into history with the lessons of human experience either misunderstood or simply not learned. To quote W. S. Merwin in *Who We Are:*

When the war is over
We will be proud of course the air will be
Good for breathing at last
The water will have been improved the salmon
And the silence of heaven will migrate more perfectly
The dead will think the living are worth it we will know
Who we are
And we will all enlist again

John G. Sommer

John G. Sommer, co-author of "Vietnam—The Unheard Voices," worked in Vietnam with International Voluntary Services in 1963-67.

". . . Finally, I'd like to thank my grandmother for teaching me how to throw a spitball."

The Real Crime

Continued from page 26

such grand style, we should have to lavish a good deal more social tenderness on the average citizen. We should have to educate him far above his present station. We should have to accustom him to observe the strictest economic and social justice—and that means equal incomes, equal responsibilities, equal political initiative for all. Ultimately, it involves a society in which the citizens manage their affairs directly, and not by attorney, for representative government means in practice a system under which the principals submit to being governed by their supposed agents.

In another place Miss Mitford remarks that the persons indicted in the Spock case had severally challenged prosecution in the hope that the legality of the Vietnam War, the general applicability of the Nuremberg Doctrine of individual responsibility, and the right to dissent in conscience from any particular war, might be raised as public issues in the courts, since they were not being raised in the Congress. What they got was a trial in which all of those issues were carefully excluded, the cause being narrowed to a determination of whether the defendants had *conspired.* The point here is that governments will always misuse the machinery of the law as far as the state of public opinion permits. A government that had given no hearing to the basic issues of Vietnam in the legislature would certainly not be inclined to open debate on those issues in the judiciary. That government appealed to the courts in this case in the hope of quashing dissent by making things hot for dissenters.

The general moral is that the requirements of government and those of conscience are not easily compatible. I think Miss Mitford might be inclined to agree, but I should not like to make her responsible for the propositions that follow: Free men do not require to be governed, but will govern themselves. Independence and civic responsibility at such a pitch of self-confidence and self-respect are everywhere stigmatized by governments and their claques with one potent word—anarchism. But freedom is nevertheless a very reasonable aspiration; the history of mankind can be seen as preparation for achieving it. And, therefore, we should not be in fear of a word, but take steps to realize the things it stands for if those things seem good.

Or should we be satisfied instead with a trip to the moon?

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Bibliophile

DUKEDOM LARGE ENOUGH

by David A. Randall

Random House, 368 pp., $10

FOR THIRTY YEARS, twenty-one of them as head of the rare-book department at Scribner's Fifth Avenue store, David A. Randall matched wits with collectors and rival dealers in the highly competitive pursuit of rare books and manuscripts. His ostensible goal was always a profit (not unfailingly achieved), but, as this ebullient, engaging, and immensely readable memoir makes clear, the demon that drove him was his own insatiable love of books. In 1956, when one of his best customers, the pharmaceutical manufacturer J. K. Lilly, Jr., gave his library to Indiana University, he persuaded Randall to become curator. That such persuasion was not difficult is clear from Mr. Randall's comment, "One of the fringe benefits of being a rare-book librarian is the chance to buy books with the library's money and read them on the library's time."

The reference here is to his acquisition for the Lilly Library of a set of back issues of the magazine *Adventure*, "primarily, I suppose, so I could reread them"; but this love for pulp fiction should not be taken as a full measure of Dave Randall's literary taste. He is an expert on American poetry, as he has demonstrated with a notable Lilly exhibition. The properties he handled as a dealer ranged from Caxton's first printing of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* to the manuscript of Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa*, with countless tantalizing prizes in between—among them the holograph of Washington Irving's "Sketch-Book," an original signed draft of Lee's surrender order at Appomattox, the only known inscribed copy of Cooper's *The Spy*, Keats's *Poems* with an inscription to Wordsworth, the rare first edition of Yeats's first book, *Mosada*, and enough other treasures to dive any "bibliofool" (as Mr. Randall calls his fellow addicts) stark raving mad.

The authors he has known and shilled for include such eminences as Edwin Arlington Robinson and Ernest Hemingway. One of David Randall's more amusing stories concerns the time he sold an almost complete collection of Robinson's works to a demanding bibliophile who wanted in each volume a note in the poet's hand telling how the book came to be written. Robinson agreed, splitting a $10 fee with Randall; but he almost lost the sale when his customer insisted that the inscriptions be done on the end-papers instead of on the tipped-in slips of paper Randall had provided, and he almost lost Robinson's friendship when the fuming poet had to do the job all over again.

Randall's recollections of Hemingway include an account of his sale to Frank J. Hogan of the manuscript of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for the price of a Cadillac—a deal firmly vetoed by Martha Gellhorn, then Hemingway's wife. When the transaction fell through, Randall promised Hemingway a bottle of Scotch if he would inscribe one of the fifteen advance copies of the novel (among the rarest of Hemingway items) to placate Hogan. Hemingway agreed, and Hogan came through with a case of Scotch.

The author's bookish adventures began in 1929 with his entry into the trade after a spell at Harvard Law School, where, as he writes, he spent most of his time in the Widener Library or in attendance at George Parker Winship's course in bibliography. It was the exciting period of the sale at the Anderson Galleries of the Jerome Kern library, the most expensive private collection ($1,729,462.50 for 1,482 items) ever disposed of at auction in America until the recent (and continuing) sale at Parke-Bernet of Thomas W. Street's library of Americana. The narrative covers Randall's early associations with such able bookmen as E. Byrne Hackett, Michael Papantonio, John S. Van E. Kohn, Edward Lazare, Max Harzof, Gabriel Wells, P. Stammer, and Jacob Blanck, and, at Scribner, with John Carter, the London bibliophile now at Sotheby's, who was for some years the other end of Scribner's "Randall-Carter axis." Among their triumphs were the bringing to America of such great books as the Shuckburgh copy of the Gutenberg Bible and the magnificent, unique copy, colored by William Blake himself, of *Jerusalem* (London, 1804).

The varied tastes of his customers led Mr. Randall deep into biographical and bibliographical explorations of their favored authors and, true booklover that he is, he hungrily pursued every elusive scrap of knowledge, every fragment of manuscript and book he could turn up. His quests ranged over the works of such diverse writers as Walter Scott, Mary Webb, Katherine Mansfield, G. A. Henty, William Shakespeare, and A. Conan Doyle.

It was not all success, and Mr. Randall modestly and with candid good humor details his failures as well as his triumphs. Along the way he drops invaluable suggestions to the serious book hunter. For example, in his chapter on Hemingway he warns "students and bibliographers not to take uncritically any statement any publisher, printer or author makes about any book," and he uses as a prime example the case of the twenty-five-copy "first issue of the first edition, before publication" of *Across the River and Into the Trees*, which was actually printed and bound *after* the entire 75,000-copy first edition was finished. (The printer confessed he had simply forgotten to make the pre-issue run and, having recovered the uncorrected first plates, had run off the twenty-five copies in order not to let down Randall and the Hemingway collectors.)

From his first boss, Max Harzof, a comic-strip type who also happened to be a superb bookman, Randall received an exhortation: "Read, read. There are millions of things to be collected. Don't degenerate into a one-author enthusiast—or a one-subject one, either." Harzof also taught his protégé two important points in bargain hunting. In auction sales, he advised, "the bargains are most often at the end of a sale. Then interest flags, most dealers have overbought, people are leaving, attention is distracted, the auctioneer is tired and things slip through." When scouting book shops, Harzof counseled, "Keep to the upper and lower shelves. What's at eye level has been scanned often enough before. Most people, even the shop-owners, are too damn lazy to climb a ladder or stoop to their knees once the books are shelved, and that's where the bargains are."

Mr. Randall takes a dim view of libraries in general: "In my ten years of academic associations I have found very few graduates of library schools who were competent rare bookmen or who could pull their weight with a good bookstore clerk." He has even less regard for law-makers who control the funds for our national collections: "Nobody seems to give a damn (or ever has) about preserving our national heritage so far as historical records, printed or otherwise, go."

As a scrupulously demanding book lover himself and one whose business has been to note carefully the imperfections in books, Mr. Randall must be distressed at the sloppy proofreading (and editing) of his own work. There are numerous and egregious errors, both typographical and grammatical. Nevertheless, these joyous recollections of a bibliophile who says with Prospero that "—my library/ Was dukedom large enough—" rate high marks and a solid place on the shelf of books about books.

Van Allen Bradley

Van Allen Bradley, literary editor of The Chicago Daily News since 1948, writes a syndicated newspaper column on rare books.

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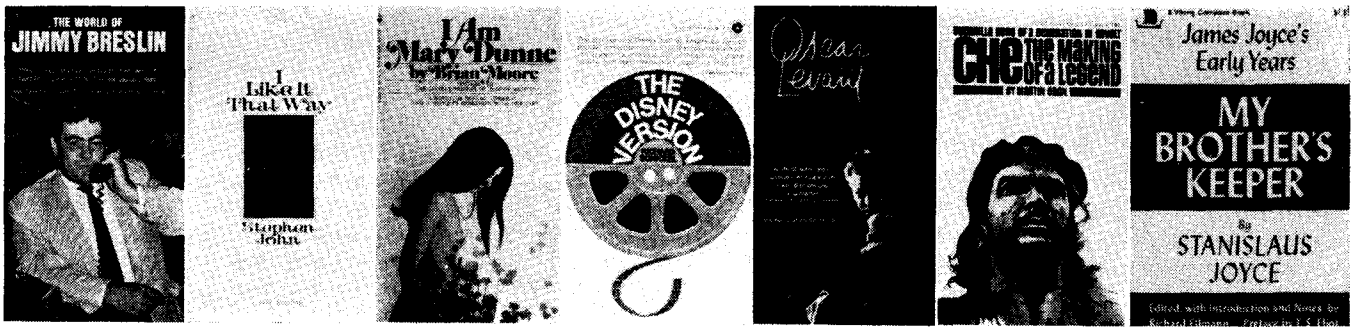

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Ever since Cecelia Holland wrote her first historical novel, *The Firedrake*, about the Norman invasion of England, while she was still a history major at Connecticut College, she has been attracting increasing attention. Now just twenty-five, she has published four historical novels, none of them bearing even a distant kinship with the swashbuckling romance associated with such writers as Samuel Shellabarger or Thomas B. Costain.

No, Cecelia Holland's thing is her own. If these harsh, unflinching, unsentimental, beautifully and realistically peopled novels have forebears, they are to be found in H. M. F. Prescott or, partly because of the starkness of Miss Holland's prose, in the work of Scandinavian novelists Sigrid Undset and Pär Lagerkvist, both writers whose style Miss Holland admires. "They had to keep their prose spare," she says, "in order to get it all down before that premature Scandinavian sunset."

The Kings in Winter (Pocket Books, 75¢), the first of her novels to appear in paperback, is vintage Holland. For it she has chosen an uncommon topic and time: the Irish civil wars of the early eleventh century. Within that grim setting she works out the destiny of Muirtagh the bowman, chief of the O'Cullinanes, a man of deep and subtle moral principles trapped in a period when action speaks louder than words.

"What generally happens," says Miss Holland of the out-of-the-ordinary locales and eras she has chosen for her historical fiction, "is that I get a situation and then have to find a place in history for it. In *The Kings in Winter* I had an idea about two brothers involved in a family feud and how one against his will had to avenge the other: I finally located a proper framework in Irish history, which has the kind of basic tribal structure in which such a situation could flourish."

Miss Holland's preoccupation with the past is deceptive. The tall blonde writer is a thoroughly modern Millie who is dividing her time right now between Hollywood, where she's working on a movie script, and Brooklyn, where she shares a duplex apartment with her sister, a rock musician, and a couple of other friends. "People are forever asking me why I don't write contemporary novels," says Miss Holland. "The answer obviously is, I do." Her novels are modern in her technique of illuminating character more through moral than physical conflict. And she uses the past the way a movie director like John Ford, at his best, employs the myth of the wild West.

To top it off, she listens only to pop music when she writes. "My new novel," she says, "about Frederick II and the Crusades, was written entirely to the accompaniment of Jim Morrison and the Doors."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

Brian Moore, author of, among other novels, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, has the rare knack among male writers of writing convincingly about women. In *I Am Mary Dunne* (Bantam, 95¢) he shuttles dexterously back and forth through the life of a young Canadian woman who is about to lose her present marital happiness through the intrusion of her past.

In contrast to Moore's complicated structure, James Leo Herlihy's *Midnight Cowboy* (Dell, 75¢) shows little literary razzle-dazzle. It is a straightforward, simply told story about good-looking Joe Buck, who makes his way from Texas to Times Square in search of his fortune. What he finds instead is Ratso Rizzo, a small, gnarled sharpie, and together in their own inarticulate way these two outcasts say something meaningful about human relationships.

Michael Ayrton, the author of *The Maze Maker* (Bantam, 95¢), is a sculptor, which explains why his novel about Daedalus, who created that structural mind-bender the Labyrinth for King Minos of Crete, is so persuasive. The tough, pragmatic but essentially artistic Daedalus dominated his time and place. But the Greeks too had their generation gap, and Daedalus's great failure was with his son, Icarus.

The sleeper of the month is *I Like It That Way* (Berkley, $1.25), by someone who calls himself Stephen John. In good Olympia Press-style, the cover makes a point that this is "adult reading," and the novel begins with hero Albert Divine's explicit daydream about ravishing a beautiful girl. However, though Albert's sexuality, in both fact and fantasy, plays a large part in Mr. John's obvious attempt to write a commercial, quasi - pornographic book, he's so talented a writer—whoever stands behind this obvious alias —that the intricate and imaginative plot about art forgery by the witty, comic Albert explodes again and again hilariously into satire reminiscent of the early Kingsley Amis or Evelyn Waugh.

The Movies

"Cinema today is in the hands of the intellectuals," says François Truffaut, who is among the cerebral film-makers prominently featured in Evergreen's cinema book series ($1.95 each), which includes besides Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*, Jean-Luc Godard's *Masculine-Feminine* and Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Avventura*. Each book presents the complete movie scenario, a battery of comments by critics both foreign and domestic, transcribed conversations with directors, and ample illustrations.

Not only the young Turks but many of the original motion picture pioneers have their say in Andrew Sarris's *Interviews with Film Directors* (Avon, $1.65), in which Charlie Chaplin asks, "Who knows where you draw a line between comedy and tragedy? Take a funeral . . . ," Carl Dreyer (*Joan of Arc*) recalls Falconetti's screen test, and the practical John Ford insists, "Directing is a craft. If a director's

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films do not make money, he cannot expect to retain the confidence of the men who put up the wherewithal." Interested readers should bear in mind that Sarris, film critic of *The Village Voice*, called Max Ophuls's disastrously muddled *Lola Montez* "the greatest film ever made"—one of the most mistaken critical opinions since Gide turned down Proust for publication.

The impact of Richard Schickel's *The Disney Version* (Avon, $1.25) is a bit like seeing a drawing of Whistler's Mother with a mustache. Film critic for *Life* magazine, Schickel has written a lively, debunking book about one of our culture heroes, Walt Disney, who was a loner, a "Midwestern go-getter," and the creator of an empire that "placed a Mickey Mouse hat on every little developing personality in America. As capitalism, it is a work of genius; as culture, it is mostly a horror."

The great Russian director Sergei Eisenstein died in 1948 at the age of forty-nine. Although he completed only six films—among them *Potemkin* and *Ten Days That Shook the World*—each was a milestone in cinematic history. Two new books, *Film Form* and *The Film Sense* (Harvest, $2.45 each), edited and translated from the Russian by Jay Leyda, contain Eisenstein's ideas about the limitless possibilities of the motion picture medium.

People

"Curiosity about the private life of a public man can be of three kinds: the useful, the harmless, and the impertinent," writes T. S. Eliot in his preface to Stanislaus Joyce's *My Brother's Keeper* (Viking/Compass, $1.65), a book that fits neatly into the "useful" slot for those Joyce readers who want meat for the bones of Joycean fiction. Called by his elder brother James the "whetstone" upon which the novelist polished his ideas, Stanislaus has a keen memory for their Irish childhood, which he recalls in robust detail. He also substantiates such legends as that about young Joyce's first encounter with the middle-aged Yeats, to whom Joyce reportedly said, "I regret that you are too old to be influenced by me." Turned out, he wasn't.

A surprising thing about Joan Baez's touching *Daybreak* (Avon, 95¢) is that her singing is scarcely mentioned. That's only one of the unusual aspects of this wonderful, personal, unsentimental autobiography. She writes about growing up, moving from place to place, her passionate causes, waiting in jail, working with handicapped children. But mostly she writes about love—love for the people she knows and for those she meets along the way: her mother and father, her sister Mimi and her late brother-in-law, singer-writer Richard Fariña, that "manchild of darkness," and about her friend and first mentor, Ira, "the bearded guru with the goat laugh."

Another kind of singer, Mahalia Jackson, has had another kind of life. In *Movin' On Up* (Avon, 75¢) the great American gospel singer tells how she moved on up from poverty in New Orleans—when alligator tails were a breakfast treat—to her present eminence not only in music, but as an unflagging fighter for black civil rights.

Was Che Guevara a saint or a villain, asks Martin Ebon in his book *Che* (Signet, 75¢), subtitled "The Making of a Legend." Ebon then reveals in the character of the Argentine-born aristocrat a lot of each. Che Guevara was a romantic who elicited and solicited such diverse descriptions as "swashbuckling" and "Christ-like." Like most of the Che biographies, this one, well documented as it is, only adds to the legend.

Also noted: *The World of Jimmy Breslin* (Ballantine, 95¢) caters to a particular taste—for, say, red-flannel hash, Irish coffee, and sentiment thick enough to cut with a shillelagh. Oscar Levant's *The Unimportance of Being Oscar* (Pocket Books, 95¢) is one page after another of show biz one-liners and rapid-fire trivia about—to name only a few—Eric Ambler, Robert Lowell, Liz Taylor's husbands.

Above: "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," by Guido Reni; right: "The Rest on the Flight Into Egypt," by Caravaggio.

—Photos from the book.

British art critic Ellis Waterhouse, in *Italian Baroque Painting* (Phaidon, $4.50), has turned a magnifying glass on one of the most turbulent and prolific periods in the history of art. The peculiar tensions of the post-Renaissance are manifested in the sometimes florid, sometimes grandiose, frequently self-conscious, and always vividly humanistic works of masters from Caravaggio to Guido Reni. One hundred and ninety-eight illustrations.

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Fiction

A SPIRAL OF MIST

by Michele Prisco, translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly

Dutton, 283 pp., $5.95

THE GRAY, TATTERED DAWN, the mist-filled woods, and the hints of homicide in the opening pages of this prize-winning novel call up a vision of the English moors and the intrepid silhouette of Sherlock Holmes. Yet the scene is Naples—not the teeming, noisy streets of the city, but the Vesuvian hinterland, stagnant with the villas of a newly enriched class of entrepreneurs, created *ex nihilo* to meet the latest political and economic exigencies. Fabrizio Sangermano, unwilling heir to this tired gentility, has momentarily put everything askew by shooting his wife, Valeria, while they were out hunting. His explanation that he accidentally tripped the trigger is dubious, but will probably suffice for his legal defense. We never do learn whether he is guilty or not, nor does it really matter.

In the Italy so well satirized in Pietro Germi's film *Divorce Italian Style* wife-killing is not infrequent, especially in the South. Prisco seems to have taken his inspiration from a headline case, which he uses as a springboard for the probing of human motivations. His intention is not to write a detective thriller, but to examine the question of whether the protagonist, as presented, is capable of the action attributed to him.

Following Gide's prescriptions for the true novelist, this skillful Neapolitan writer listens to his characters speak and little by little comes to understand who they are. Similarly, the various couples involved in the preliminary investigations discover themselves and come more clearly into focus as their lives are reflected in the central episode. What emerges from their testimonies and hypotheses concerning the fatality is an abulic, sham existence even more pitiful than that from which Fabrizio and Valeria have now been delivered.

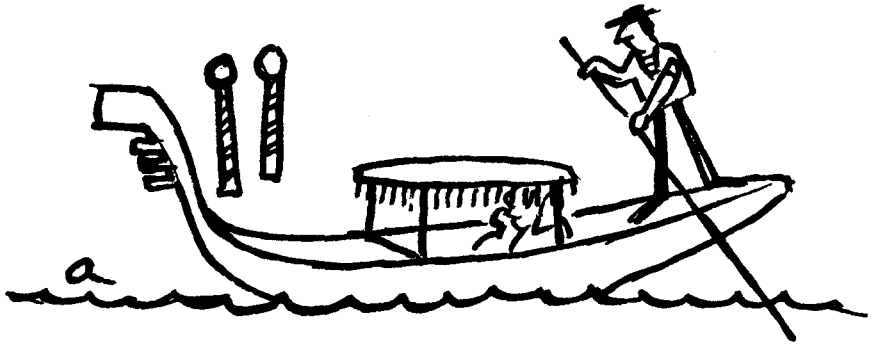
Maria Teresa, intimate family friend, is the hapless virgin wife (*sposa bianca* is the Italian connubial terminology) of an impotent husband, who attempts to prove his virility by forcing his chambermaid upon the house chauffeur and claiming their offspring as his own. Another frightened male pretends to be married in order to escape the marital intentions of his many women friends. In the network of minor plots that spiral out of the Sangermano tragedy the controlling motif is love gone sour, whether in temporary liaisons in which sex has lost its savor or in marriages smothered under social posturing.

In the case of the Sangermanos, the Milanese intellectual Valeria, sequestered in a villa and immobilized by her frequent pregnancies, struggles to combat the unrelieved torpor of Campanian provincial life. Fabrizio, weak-willed and indolent, is resigned to the failure of his marriage, creating a quiet zone for himself "in the dreary monotony of a life with no outlets." In addition to the hunt he engages in butterfly-collecting, which, he explains to his lawyer, Bellini, can be most instructive. For example, if one removes the powdery substance on the wings of the butterfly, it can no longer fly and the color design becomes permanently confused. "That's more or less what happens in marriage; when the golden powder of love or enthusiasm has gone, you can't fly any more, you've just got to adapt yourself and carry on."

Prisco's forte is the description of middle-aged matrimony, overgrown with the moss of adaptation. This is a Mediterranean literary theme that goes back at least as far as the memorable Homeric glimpse of Helen and Menelaus settling down to doses of nepenthe. In postwar Italy, as elsewhere, the soporific is more elaborate: "full pay-packet and freehold flat and car and insurance policy and electrical equipment and television in the evenings and once a week, on Saturdays, the cinema and love-making, both things to be seen and enjoyed with the lights out, in the dark."

The crepuscular quality of the novel is nowhere more effective than in the account of Valeria's funeral, when banks of mist lift momentarily to reveal tombstones, busts, and columns in an eerie, opalescent light, only to seep back again, blurring every outline and every human sentiment. But this tired and dispirited world spreads its contagion to the reader, and despite its contemporary setting seems more remote than the fading Sicilian aristocracy of *The Leopard*, without having any of the latter's universality. The style is opulent and diffuse in the grand nineteenth-century manner—too much so, certainly, to appeal to current taste in fiction. Isabel Quigly's masterly translation often surpasses the original, cutting through its excessive prolixity and almost making it appear that the novel might better have been written in English in the first place.

Charles Fantazzi, who teaches the classics and Italian at the University of Windsor, Ontario, is currently Canada Council Fellow in Italy.



THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER

by Eleazar Lipsky

Meredith, 633 pp., $8.95

BASED ON A LURID EPISODE in San Francisco's relentlessly colorful past, *The Devil's Daughter* appears to be the product of literary indecision. Eleazar Lipsky's new book suggests that the author was never quite able to decide whether he wanted to write an informal history of a nineteenth-century scandal or a novel using a promising historical incident as a point of origin.

He seems to have tried to do both, and the result is an uneasy alliance of fact and fiction. The novel's principal flaw—but by no means the only one—is that there is too much of the former and too little of the latter. As it stands, *The Devil's Daughter* is at the mercy of its historical references—overextended, overcrowded, and irritatingly jumbled.

The incident Mr. Lipsky uses as the theme is a bizarre and complex affair involving William Sharon, an apparently devious, lecherous former U.S. Senator, and Sarah Althea Hill, a shrewd, scheming, and erratic young woman. She claimed that he had married her in secret, supporting her contention with a document bearing Sharon's signature. He dismissed the paper as a forgery. Sarah took him to court in a trial that scandalized the city during the 1880s.

A third major figure in these events was David Terry, the attorney who

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prosecuted Sarah's case and married her after the death of Senator Sharon. Hovering in the shadows was Mammy Pleasant, Sarah's enigmatic ally and San Francisco's favorite mystery woman. The case dragged on, in and out of court, for years, bringing humiliation and ruin to some and violent death and insanity to others.

The book's endless exposition of legal detail and judicial vagaries reveals an admirably broad knowledge of the law and its intricacies on the part of Lipsky, who is a lawyer as well as a novelist. They also reveal his deficiencies as a writer of historical fiction. The characters (Lipsky has changed their names, of course) remain too much the sum total of the author's research rather than the product of literary skill. They seem to be victims of a fatally unselective objectivity. My guess is that Lipsky couldn't resist including every fact he unearthed, no matter how irrelevant. He simply thrusts it all upon the reader, forcing him to seek out a story amid great wads of meaningless information.

The writing itself is plodding and unvaried. It has no wit, color, or power, and offers no substitute for them. The Sharon affair would seem to have all the ingredients of an exciting, robust, and entertaining story; but *The Devil's Daughter* is tedious and undramatic. All in all, a dismal exercise.

Next case.

Dennis Powers

Dennis Powers, a former newspaper book editor, is now on the staff of San Francisco's American Conservatory Theatre.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1361

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1361 will be found in the next issue.

JK JW GAXA PCW KCX WRA

HXAOAPWO, EP AICHAZAPW

GCDIT SA HXAKAXESIA.

—ETA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1360

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—H. L. MENCKEN.

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MILE HIGH

by Richard Condon

Dial, 364 pp., $6.95

RICHARD CONDON IS A WRITER who likes to go for broke. Using Freud as a fall guy, in *Mile High* he recounts the rise to power of Eddie West, an American financial wizard-*cum*-crook whose career spans the first sixty years of the twentieth century. West is not only the richest man in the world, he is also the vilest: a Dr. Strangelove who controls the stock market, the Mafia, and assorted other enterprises from behind the façade of a respectable banking business.

Eddie's greed is traced to his father's teaching and his mother's rejection. Patrick J. West was an Irish politician in the classic Tammany mold. His portrait was painted by James McNeill Whistler, and the Vice President of the United States attended his funeral. But he was also cold and cruel. His man-hating Sicilian wife deserted him and the son she had never wanted; Edward West, therefore, must revenge himself on her through the women in his own life. Though he worships his wife, he visits dark-skinned prostitutes and beats them, murdering one and maiming another. His final choice of sacrifice is a talented Negress who has married his son.

The final third of the novel is a tautly written suspense story, acted out in an enormous preserve in the Adirondacks where West has constructed a replica of the Swiss resort where he spent part of his honeymoon. Here, surrounded by scores of retainers and protected by an aide-de-camp named Willie Tobin ("Sunday was usually his quiet day. He just relaxed in the apartment with the canaries, doing needlework on ladies' handbags . . ."), West controls his empire and fends off a threatened stroke. Here, too, Eddie's son Walter and his wife appear for the dénouement, and it is a beezler.

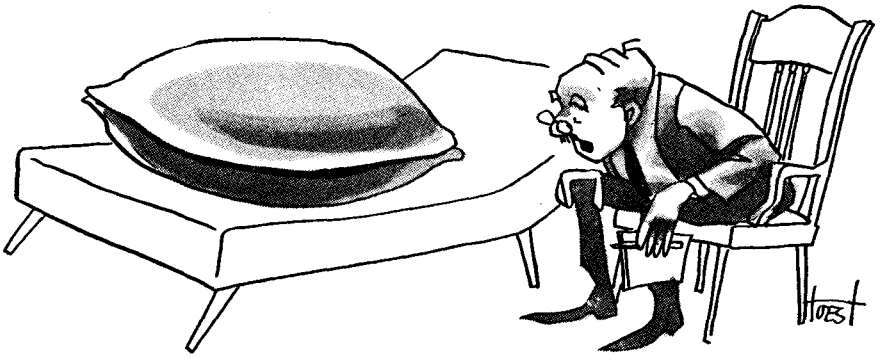
But to reach this "mile high" point the reader must first traverse the history of corruption in America since 1900—in itself not uninteresting, but less than credible when conflated in the superhuman—or rather, inhuman—character of one man. Condon tells us: "He had fixed the 1919 World Series, not less than two world championship prize fights and a baker's dozen of big stake races." His stock market manipulations cause "the ruinous sure trend that capsized the market" in October 1929. By that time West had already become the power behind the Eighteenth Amendment, in order to build up the bootlegging rackets; the Mafia was under his thumb and a Congressman in his pocket. West's prescience is godlike. "War came just as he had predicted on his return from Europe when he had so advised the President publicly."

Statistics fascinate Condon, and there are times when *Mile High* reads like the annual report of a blue-chip corporation: "New York was the biggest gross unit producer of all national market areas. . ." But as the indefatigable documentation proceeds, as West becomes more monstrously successful and machinelike, as all of Europe and America are bugged by his intelligence staff, as he breaks all previous records for corruption, the book begins to read more and more like an argument for the prohibition of novels.

Eddie West's grim, relentless career has a certain fascination—Condon seems to have been carried away by the very evils he condemns—but in spite of this we never really get to know him. Underneath all the superlatives there is simply no one there.

David Dempsey

David Dempsey writes a monthly report on the publishing scene for SR.



"You've got to come out of your shell, Mr. Brewer."

European Scene

Continued from page 27

den's *Live Like Pigs,* Witold Gombrowicz's *Yvonne, Princess of Burgundy,* and Armand Gatti's *V for Vietnam.*

The poisonings, stabbings, adulteries, and attendant peccadilloes of the noble dynasties of Italy, from the Middle Ages on, dwarf our modern *faits divers.* It was a wise duke who didn't try to dissolve a pearl in a wine cask before sampling the contents. It was a wise duchess who, when the roast was served, could be certain she was not eating her lover. The hanky-panky of noblemen and even pontiffs was made the subject of novellas from Boccaccio on, so that the Elizabethan English were sure the histories of Beatrice Cenci and the Duchess of Malfi represented the normal Italian way of life.

It was inevitable that someone should chronicle these dynastic dramas, these *Storie d'amore e di sangue* (Sugar Editore). In the first of several volumes, which will carry the record up to the Risorgimento, Antonio Perria records the scandals of the Angiovines of Naples, the Malatesti of Rimini, and the Visconti of Milan. From the hanging of King Andrew of Hungary, which opens the book, through subsequent fatalities, one gathers that few noblemen died in bed. Some clever individuals, like Giovanna of Naples, could have given lessons on survival to Scheherezade; she outlived four husbands and numerous lovers, until agents of the pope suffocated her under pillows. Perria takes pains to give us the full background of the most famous adultery of the Middle Ages—the affair of Francesca da Rimini and her brother-in-law, which Dante immortalized in Canto V of the *Inferno.* All this was good for the English ego, for if Shakespeare's histories told how treacherous and bloodthirsty were the royal dynasties of Britain, his tragedies could claim that in the land of Old Nick Machiavell' things were even worse.

Quotable barbs of the month:

Vladimir Nabokov, on Norman Mailer: "Everything he defends in American life I detest."

Anonymous reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement,* on the hero of Colin Wilson's latest novel, *The Philosopher's Stone*: "He discovers, among other things, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare (a 'second-rate mind'), that life is sustained by will, and that excretion is as mysterious as poetic inspiration. This last observation, at least, might help to convince lesser mortals that their time is not entirely wasted."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

From Nadir to Zenith

LEE, MASS.

THERE IS, patently, a Nijinska cult, and it is probably the most difficult ballet cult to explain. It is centered, mainly, in Britain, but it has American expressions too. Try as I might, over the years, to discover for myself whatever it is that makes so many people, the Britishers especially, view Bronislava Nijinska as a major choreographer, I cannot. Sir Frederick Ashton of Britain's Royal Ballet admires Mme. Nijinska extravagantly and is responsible for revivals of two of her works, *Les Noces* and *Les Biches*. British-trained critics bow to Mme. Nijinska, but even they are inclined to the opinion that she is best represented by two ballets, *Les Noces* and *Les Biches*. I don't think either is very good.

When I utter such blasphemies, I have been subject to retorts such as that *Nes Noces*, seen in the light of its time, is historic—I don't doubt it, but Jerome Robbins's *Les Noces* makes it look like a kindergarten exercise—and that *Les Biches* is a rich satire on the mores of French resort society of the 1920s (it may be a satire but it is a badly made ballet). A dance-music critic once chided me about "cavalier" treatment of *Les Biches*, and wound up rather feebly by saying, "What a wonderful chance to hear Poulenc." And that *was* pretty feeble, since if you want to *hear* Poulenc, you go to a concert, but if you go to ballet you are there to *see*, and if the music is Minkus, Pugni, or Drigo, well okay.

All of this brings me to the Center Ballet of Buffalo (directed by Kathleen Crofton, a Britisher), which appeared here in the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival in two ballets by Nijinska, *Les Biches* and *Brahms Variations* (themes of Paganini and Handel), staged under the supervision of the choreographer herself, sister of the great Vaslav Nijinsky. The result? Sheer disaster.

Civic or municipal, state or regional ballets have done great things. Indeed, the future of dance in America may well lie with them and with universities. But Nijinska isn't going to help at all. And Miss Crofton, a highly honored teacher, is not helping the ballet Buffalo-ites by perpetrating Nijinska on them and on us. *Les Biches* was a smash when first produced by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes forty-five years ago, but looking at it today, one sees that its choreography settled for being different from standard balletic fare rather than being original, and that its attempted comment on artificial behavior was merely superficial.

As for *Brahms Variations*, now twenty-five years old, "embarrassing" is the only word to describe it. It is one of those idiot pieces in which a Poet—the one who appears to be a prime example of arrested development—moons about looking for an inspiration, and in which very mortal dancers, including some very bad ones, attempt to portray the gods and goddesses of Olympus. Not even such guest artists as the lovely Anna-Marie Holmes, doubling as Diana and the Poet's embodied Inspiration, and her virile, virtuosic husband, David Holmes (Poet), could save the day. Michael Uthoff, another guest, as Apollo looked as if he were praying for a trap door to open and swallow him. But why go on? It's a dreadful ballet with nauseating poses and posturings, awkward *enchainements*, and no sense of continuity whatsoever.

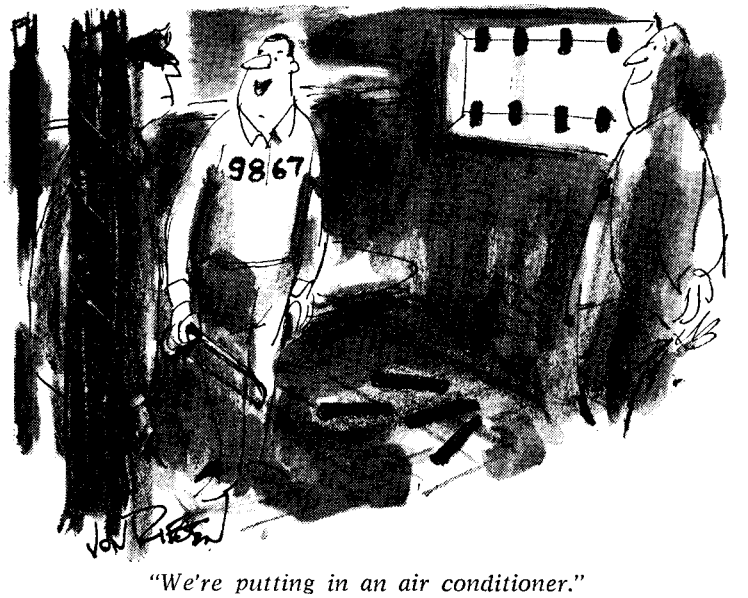
The performing had to be better than the material, and it was, but not by much. The guest artists I have mentioned (there were others) were valiant, but the *corps*, in the main, was of civic ballet caliber, and rather low in the modest category. This was the only offering of the seventh week of the ten-week Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival season. It accounted for a nadir.

A zenith, however, came on the eighth week when stars of the American Ballet Theatre appeared in a program directed by Michael Smuin, a brilliant dancer and one of the most skillful and inventive of a new generation of choreographers. This ABT showing, in contrast with the Nijinska-Buffalo fiasco, stood for what ballet is all about.

Choreographically, it provided examples of Smuin's own choreography (excerpts from his *Gartenfest* to music of Mozart), the zestful "Peasant Pas de Deux" from *Giselle*, the immortal "Adagio" from Act II of *Swan Lake*, and a fine modern duet, to Hindemith music, by Hans van Manen of the Netherlands Dance Theater. All of it was, of course, first-rate. The dancing was first-rate too. Cynthia Gregory, perfectly partnered by Ivan Nagy in *Swan Lake*, was sheer heaven, and together with Nagy and Han Ebbelaar in the "Adagio" from *Gartenfest*, she joined with them in making indisputable ballet magic.

There was enormous excitement in the male duet from *Gartenfest*, as danced by Nagy (especially electrifying) and Ebbelaar, and some fresh, surprising plastique-type beauties for Ebbelaar and his wife, Alexandra Radius, in the Van Manen *Five Sketches*. Zhandra Rodriguez was the pretty foil to the exuberant Smuin in the *Giselle* bit. Each of the American Ballet Theatre artists danced superbly, but I think that zenith they attained was to be found in the person of Miss Gregory, indisputably a B*A*L*L*E*R*I*N*A, a STAR.

This eighth festival program also included examples of African and Caribbean dances by the Afro-American Dance Ensemble, directed by Arthur Hall. It may possibly be described as "slickly African" in its stagings, but it is altogether entertaining, tasteful, and, what is more, joyous.



"We're putting in an air conditioner."

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

The 68,500-Lire Misunderstanding

ROME.

AMERICAN WOMEN have always been drilled in self-defense tactics before doing battle with Italian men. It's time we long-neglected American men were briefed on the wiles that await us even in floodlit piazzas. I think our women have it easier, for the attack is usually frontal and the casualties only flesh wounds. Our men are the victims of guerrilla assault and the losses are counted in thousands of lire.

On a comfortably warm night in early August, while waiting out a thirty-hour stopover on the long haul from New York to Japan, I decided to walk off the pasta with a stroll to the Trevi Fountain; then to bed. My path led through the Piazza della Repubblica, astir with band music and pressing humanity. On a corner by a newsstand I was checking my map to pick up a more direct route to the well-concealed fountain, when a swarthy young man in a garishly striped sport jacket volunteered his aid. He told me, in middling English, how to find the fountain and then asked to look at my map to see if he was on the right track to a bar his hotel had recommended. He said he was a visitor from France. He said his name was Marcel.

"Marcello" was more like it. He sounded about as French as Mastroianni. My guard went up, but not high enough: Recent travels to northerly lands had left me defenseless to flim-flammery Italian style. I turned down his several soft-sell invitations to join him at the bar he was seeking, and finally gave in to walking along with him since we were going the same way. On a side street a few blocks from the piazza, Marcel, with masterful innocence, pointed through the darkness to a yellow neon sign. "I think that is the bar," he said. As we drew closer, the words took form: TAVERNA PICCOLO FIRENZE. AMERICAN PIANO-SNACK BAR.

I ask myself as I put this down why I followed Marcel through the door, and only one answer comes forth: to see what was inside. It is the eternal quest, I think, that haunts every traveler; fortunate is the one who learns to sense which doors to leave unopened.

What happened inside probably went like clockwork to the *taverna*'s well-trained team, except that after Marisa and her friend had coaxed us from the immense piano bar to a table on the side, and the Italian singer had extended his microphone cord to our corner where he warbled a medley of drippy Italo-American love ballads, and the waiter had uncorked a half dozen bottles of what Marisa called sparkling wine—he dancing a little jig before each ceremonious POP!—and Marcel had gone down on all fours to claw his way around the floor like the striped animal he resembled (*"Tigre! Tigre!"* he growled in French to remind me of his heritage), and I had drained the last of my second beer and asked for the check so I could be on my way to the Trevi Fountain—after all that I took a close look at the bill and spat out my favorite eight-letter word.

That destroyed the cultivated bowing courtly manner of the tuxedoed manager, who suddenly turned into an Italian truck driver caught in a midday traffic snarl. At first glance I had taken the check to be L6,000-and-something and handed over the L5,000 in my wallet, preparing to break an American bill to pay the rest. As my eyes danced over the numbers again and came to rest on the total, I felt my knees go weak. It was L68,500—more than $100. Marcel was standing next to me raising a mock storm over the slightly lower bill he had been charged, and then he peeled off the Italian currency with a studied reluctance (no doubt to be repaid shortly). I looked to Marcel and then to Marisa for help, but they were lions pitying a lamb who had stumbled into their den.

When the manager and I had ceased our shouting match, I told him to call a cop. He and the owner, a burly young man named Tony, led me to a rear cubicle "to talk things over," as they put it. They wanted to know how much I was *willing* to pay and I said money wasn't the point, I wanted a cop. Moments later an Italian man I'd seen at the bar pushed through the curtained stall. He was wearing a tee shirt and chinos. He was the cop. He showed me an ID card to prove it. "He is police," said the owner. "He is narcotics police."

"I want a cop in uniform," I insisted.

"Okay, then, you get a cop. But you get in plenty deep trouble."

"So do you."

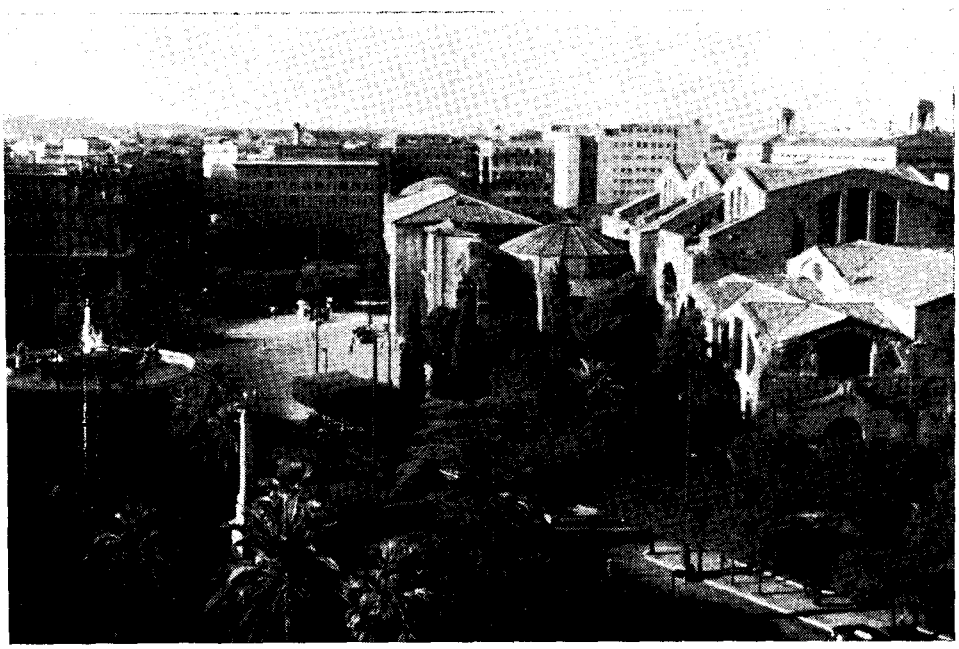
While we waited at the bar, the manager continued to drive home the grave consequences of my failing to compromise on the bill. "Why," I asked, "didn't somebody tell me that Marisa was drinking $30 Dom Perignon champagne?"

"It's on the menu."

"But the menu wasn't on the table."

"I want to help you tonight, but I was too busy. Always I help American customers. If they are students and cannot afford, then we charge nothing."

I sat slumped at the bar, musing over the American Express ad propped on the counter, glancing now and then at the expressionless Marisa sitting nearby, and then the cop came through the door, a strutting *carabiniere* in black boots and tan riding outfit. In



Piazza della Repubblica—Beware of innocent young men in striped sport coats.

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Rome the joke is that *carabinieri* always go about in pairs—one to read and one to write. He seemed patient enough, but he didn't speak English, so I had to rely on the manager to pass on my plea. In the midst of it all Tony the owner offered to cut the bill in half. "I give dees-count," he said. The *carabiniere* approved of that, and the manager assured me I'd end up in the police station if *some* agreement weren't reached. With excruciating submission, I surrendered two twenties and a ten.

"One more thing," I said. "Can I have this for a souvenir?" I picked the menu off the bar, Tony took it back. Then the *carabiniere* snatched it from Tony and handed it to me, the game ensuing for two more rounds until Tony started flying around the room pointing to the tables without menus. "He thinks we don't have enough menus to give away," the manager told me. Then Tony stopped and said, "I give you this," and handed me the bill.

Out on the street at last, I was soothed somewhat by the cooling night air and a perfect half-moon. Nearing the American sanctuary that is Via Veneto, I was approached by a curly-haired young man with a sweater thrown rakishly over one shoulder. "Do you speak English?" he asked with a winning white smile. "Can I show you very nice bar? Italian girls, English girls, French girls. . . ."

I laughed aloud. "Look, I got robbed by one of your nice bars just a few minutes ago." His questions flew: "When? How much? Where?"

"Do not worry," he said at last, "at the place we go, you can use American Express."

"Tell me one thing and I leave," I told him. "Which way is Via Veneto?"

ROME TO TOKYO.

FROM TAKEOFF to landing, it is a nineteen hour journey that gives a hint of what Marco Polo must have endured. Yet Alitalia cuts down the fatigue and ennui by rolling out the kind of meals you have to stay awake to appreciate. It's tea from Rome to Athens, dinner from Athens to Karachi, breakfast from Karachi to Bangkok, lunch from Bangkok to Hong Kong, and dinner again on the last leg to Tokyo. The Oriental flavor is evoked with *sushi* and other Japanese tidbits, but the main courses run to *scaloppine* and *filetto* of beef. One stewardess on each flight is a Japanese girl in kimono. Alitalia, as it was explained, would like to hire only homegrown stewardesses, as other national airlines prefer to do, but somehow in Italy the girls who are bright enough to speak a foreign language such as Japanese are usually too socially prominent or

otherwise too particular to work as flying waitresses. Soon, for the first time, the airline will begin recruiting girls from northern Europe.

We came to Athens in a golden twilight, the dying sun flashing off the handsome new angular beige stone airport that opened earlier this summer. In the transit lounge was an even healthier, tanner assemblage than I had seen in Stockholm's airport in late June. Many were Americans. U.S. tourist traffic to Greece had dropped off by 18,000 in 1967, the year of the coup, but in 1968 we flooded back at a record 202,000.

"Hey, Spiro!" I heard a man shout toward a row of people standing on a balcony above the transit lounge. I scanned the faces for America's No. 2 used car salesman, but this Spiro was a lean Greek with glasses.

Out of Bangkok I was reading an *Esquire* article about an American Marine squad that had ravaged a family of South Vietnamese villagers, when the pilot's voice came on: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are cruising at 29,000 feet, about to pass over Danang, South Vietnam." He might have said Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I could see dense green foliage broken now and then by red mounds and meandering brown rivers. The stewardess and I talked about the war. "You Americans," she said, "always discuss war and the military with such great interest, so much passion, so much humor. I think it is very good. Always the Italians are so sad"—she made a long face—"when they tell about World War II."

TOKYO.

AN OFFICIAL of the Japan National Tourist Organization took the tale of my Roman fiasco with an understanding little grin. He said his countrymen have been preyed upon by the same vultures recently. "One Japanese tourist," he said, "was charged $500 for a little champagne."

"What did he do about it?" I asked.

"It was all right. He got to take the girl home."

KYOTO.

THERE IS a fascinating side to this ancient Japanese city far removed from the splendor of its shrines and temples. The cramped Shijo Kawaramachi district throbs with the nighttime frenzy of a miniature Times Square, without the pathetic vulgarity. For an hour or more I explored the narrow lanes alive with streams of people and flashing lights. I was about to walk back to my inn when two young Japanese men hailed me. They were students and they wanted to practice their English on an American. My guard went up again.

"Could you join us for a cup of tea so we can talk?" one of them asked. Something told me he wasn't acting, and yet I followed them down the lane with tender steps, a soldier picking his way through a mine field. There seemed to be nothing predetermined about the café they chose, and we sat in a booth for a long time, drinking fruit juice and talking mostly of writing. We swapped Styron for Akutagawa. When the check for $2 or so came, Hiroyuki Kuwano and Naoto Hirai wouldn't let me pay. "At least we can . . . what do you say . . . have a Dutch treat?" said the intense Hiroyuki, who did most of the talking on his side.

Before we got up from the table Hiroyuki addressed me in slow, precise English, working his jaws to pronounce each syllable. "I wish to thank you . . . earnestly . . . from the bottom of my heart . . . for talking with us." They walked me back to my inn, and outside the door, after we had shaken hands, Hiroyuki spoke again in his measured way. "I hope that . . . someday . . . somewhere . . . we will all meet again." Inside the door I almost cried.

—D.B.

WIT TWISTER #129

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"It's vulgar to _ _ _ _ _,
you clod," she said,
And cast the _ _ _ _ _ at
his handsome head.
"You're _ _ _ _ _ than I
am," replied her flame,
"But make a _ _ _ _ _!
I have a better aim!"

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 48)

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As Others See Us

BUCHAREST: In the Cause of Peace

UNQUESTIONABLY [President Nixon's] visit could be an important event in Rumanian-American relations, which are now in the ascendant. A Rumanian-American economic treaty, without restrictions or discrimination, would be in the interest of both parties. . . . The public in our country is convinced that President Nixon's visit to Rumania and his conversations with Nicolae Ceausescu will have positive results, thus improving Rumanian-American relations and contributing to the understanding among nations that is requisite to the maintenance of peace.

—*Scinteia.*

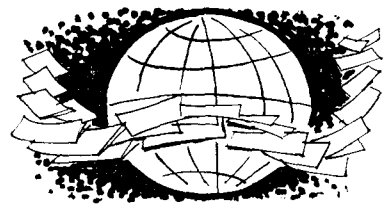
MOSCOW: Marking Time in Paris

THE AMERICAN and Saigon representatives are fully to blame for the absence of any positive advance in the [Paris peace] talks. They stubbornly mark time and resort to diverse maneuvers and ruses instead of seriously considering the Vietnam problem in a business-like manner. At the same time, Washington attempts to pose before the public as a "peacemaker," covering up its aggressive policy with demagogic phrases. . . .

—*Izvestia.*

PARIS: Keep Smiling

SIX MONTHS after entering the White House, Richard Nixon still has not lost his smile. Things have not been going too badly for him, after all. The failure



of *Luna 15* made the triumph of *Apollo 11* seem even greater. The American President's tour of Asia was as successful as possible under the circumstances. He was able to visit Saigon, where neither John Kennedy nor Lyndon Johnson ventured to set foot, and his stopover in Bucharest was a clear-cut triumph. The fighting in Vietnam has slackened considerably, and relations with France, where the spirit of dissension has apparently disappeared, are excellent. On the home front, the recent conduct of the last of the Kennedys, the Democrats' only reasonable hope for the White House in 1972, has cast doubt on his fitness for the Presidency. The New York Stock Exchange, after a few uncertain months, has finally taken an upward swing. . . .

—*Le Monde.*

LONDON: Neutralization of Mr. Kennedy

IT IS TIME the affair was ended, one way or the other. It may be "morbid for the country and unjust for Senator Kennedy." . . . The disaster will not surprise the dissenters, the political dropouts who believe that the whole American system of government is corrupt, bankrupt, and unworkable. This disillusion may now seem justified to more Americans than it did, and especially to more of those young people who idolized the Kennedys and uncritically pinned their hopes on them. But there is another reckoning, too. The neutralization of Mr. Kennedy may actually pay some dividends to the liberals whom he has been leading, with some success, in the Senate. For President Nixon is now left apparently without any dangerous Democratic challenger in 1972. Unless one rises from the ashes of 1968, or unless Mr. Nixon burns himself out—and neither of these seems likely—Mr. Nixon need no longer give so much consideration to those conservative Southern votes who brought him victory last year. . . .

—*The Economist.*

MANILA: Obliterating the Mirage

PRESIDENT NIXON has just spelled out in unmistakable terms the end of so-called special relations, meaning that the Philippines must now fend for itself without expecting any substantial prop from the United States.

This all but obliterates the mirage [of] officials whose actions are clouded by sentimentalism.

Before Nixon's official stand, "special relations" served as a bible of state, and the absence of this consideration in any undertaking was considered incredible, if not an outright sacrilege. No longer.

—*The Daily Mirror.*

MANCHESTER: Up the Nuclear Ladder

THE IMPLICATION of statements by President Nixon is that ABM in some form is here to stay, whether or not the arms talks take place. That being so, and with the question of inspection being so difficult, each side will always have the suspicion that the other's ABM is more effective than it pretends. We are still left poised one rung higher up the nuclear ladder, with each side's suspicions no less vigorous than before. Perhaps the best hope that has come out of the whole ABM debate is the skepticism with which the American public and Congress have assessed the Pentagon's case for the first time since the nuclear arms race started. It is a slender foundation on which to build great hopes. But it is new, and it is something.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

RAWALPINDI: A New Asian Policy

JUDGING BY the tenor of Mr. Nixon's speeches and statements during his Asian tour, one gets the impression that he is anxious to evolve a new Asian

(*Continued on page 61*)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Film of Social Reality

WHEN HASKELL WEXLER, the writer-director-photographer of *Medium Cool*, decided to make a film about a young TV cameraman in Chicago, he planned to shoot the climactic scenes against the background of the Democratic convention of 1968. He later admitted that he anticipated "something happening," but he got considerably more than he bargained for. It took his cool, steady, skillful cutting hand to keep police "over-reaction" from swamping the less documentary aspects of his striking, even, at times, dazzling film—his first as a director.

While *Medium Cool* does tell the story of what happens to a man, a woman, and a child during the Chicago summer of 1968, Wexler seems to have had another and larger purpose in mind. Something of a McLuhanite, evidently, he saw a kind of electricity in the social environment. The media—television, radio, newspapers, magazines—were not only reporting what was happening, they were (if I correctly interpret Wexler) actually contributing to the heating-up process through the instantaneous transmission of pictures recorded on film or tape. Wexler's belief that the media possessed this power explains his anticipation, six months before the event, of something happening. The story he fashioned deals with a cameraman's involvement in the events of his time, and the degree to which he affects or is affected by them.

While not overtly stated, the theme has a way of running through the film. The very first scene shows the cameraman and his aide, a sound man, encountering a car accident. A woman lies dead or badly injured. Impervious to her groans, they record the scene, only after which do they report the accident. Wexler moves swiftly to the cameraman's apartment; a party is in progress. John, the cameraman (Robert Forster), remarks to some guests: "We deal with the things that are happening . . . with the violence." The sound man (Peter Bonerz) explains how he does his job: "It's the difference between a person who types something and a typewriter. The typewriter doesn't really care what's being typed on it."

Thus, it becomes clearer what Wexler is up to. He wants to depict the ironic contrasts between the cameraman on the job and the cameraman during his personal life, which, and here Wexler falters, has its mundane moments. It turns out that John is quite a nice guy. He may look a little hard on the outside, but he can be reached by a small boy who trains pigeons, and by a mother who has come up from West Virginia after being deserted by her husband. Eventually, John is fired by the TV station he works for when he uses film to cover an unauthorized "human interest" story that takes him into the black ghetto and to a meeting with some militants.

Here, again, Wexler brings in his basic theme, as one black militant looks directly at the camera and remarks: "When this cat throws a brick through Charlie's window . . . and shoots . . . then he lives. He lives on the tube. A hundred million people know he *lives*." Another speaks out, too: "When you come in here it makes a person wonder—whether you're going to do something of interest to other humans, or whether you consider the person human in whom you're interested. . . ." Wexler doesn't belabor the point, but it's there. The camera looks for the subject, and the subject looks for the camera.

Medium Cool not only is more than ordinarily thoughtful, it is one of the most visually exciting films ever made. Wexler, Chicago-born, gained his experience first in documentaries, then moved to the feature film, and became one of Hollywood's most highly respected photographers. His work on *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* gained him an Academy Award. In these cinematically knowledgeable times much more recognition is being given to the film craftsman. The photographer's status is beginning to approach that of the kingpin, the director. In fact, along with Wexler, other fine cameramen, such as Conrad Hall and William Fraker, have moved to direction.

It can be said that *Medium Cool* is a cameraman's film, "showing it" more often than "saying it," thus achieving a maximum effect when something must be said. It also took a cameraman's boldness to know that he could film actuality in such a way that it would not look like mere documentary, but would fit with the staged sections. So well matched are the shots, so adroitly edited, that it is almost impossible to tell where the reality leaves off and the fiction takes over. Wexler makes his own comment on his method when he retains on his sound track an assistant's yell during the police reaction to the protesters: "Watch out, Haskell—this is for real!"

What is demonstrated so remarkably in the film is the camera's ability to use reality as adjunct, as highly convincing background to a film's fictional or imaginative purpose. A hybrid form,

"Medium Cool"—"a cameraman's involvement in the events of his time."

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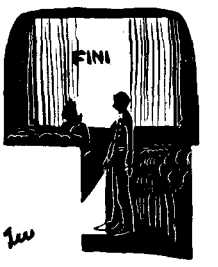
undoubtedly, but surely no more hybrid than Truman Capote's "non-fiction novel." For years many people have cried out against Hollywood's falsification of real life. Wexler can hardly be blamed for using real life—more than that, the social reality—to heighten the reality of his own film. But, by picking an apt subject and the right moment in history, he has also managed a comment, for the film's final effect is tied up in its title, a play of sorts on McLuhan's use of those formerly simple words, "hot" and "cool." He has, in a sense, used his story and his camera as a thermometer, dipped into a muddied time. The title is his reading.

How encouraging a development it is remains to be seen and assessed, but more and more film-makers are leaving the studio behind them to find and tell their stories against actual backgrounds, often using what they discover to flesh out their films. Francis Ford Coppola's *The Rain People* was made while traveling across country with a caravan that housed his cast, crew, and equipment. There is an undeniable look of reality to his story of a discontented housewife who leaves her Long Island home and husband in a search for herself on the nation's roads and turnpikes.

What she finds, however, is not altogether convincing: a befuddled former football hero, a traffic cop who attempts to seduce her, and finally a melodramatic conclusion that, in addition to horrifying her, convinces her and us that she should never have left home. Much the best elements of the film are the locations found by Coppola: a roadside zoo, motels, diners—the look of a real and often frightening America.

A Hollywood actor remarked recently: "Look, man, acting isn't the thing anymore. It's getting out there with an Arriflex and finding where it's at and what it is." It can be done beautifully, as in *Easy Rider*, a case where two actors did go out and film their story much as their two motorcyclist "heroes" would have found it. It might have been an even better film, however, had not the film-makers, Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda, thrown all their own sympathy to what their drug-oriented protagonists rather vacantly espouse in their search for "freedom."

Hopper and Fonda made sure to find only what they had set out to look for; Wexler allowed public events to assist in shaping an already predetermined story. In the case of *Alice's Restaurant*, Arthur Penn used reality



to assist him in restaging what was already, at least partially, a real story. All three, in addition to their artistic objectives, share, what in a sense, is a documentary approach. Why not, then, avoid the fictional altogether and merely go in for straight documentary?

Mainly because, as a documentary called *American Revolution 2* demonstrates, the straight approach simply doesn't allow for all the resources available to the interpretive director. A group of young Chicago film-makers went out with cameras and tape recorders and got some of the same action so vividly obtained by Haskell Wexler. They added to it by recording a Black Panther spokesman at a meeting of poor people, and by filming other black people as they voiced their discontents in a ghetto poolroom. The only interpretation was in the choice of what was filmed and recorded, with the result that it is flat, familiar, even dull, like old news rehashed.

Presumably it takes an artist to use the real in such a way that it takes on power and meaning. And the wonder of it is that our film companies are now backing this new and fresh exploration of our social and physical environment. What has made it all possible, of course, is a large, new, predominantly young, film-sophisticated audience, presumably ready and waiting to welcome almost anything that does not have the look of the Hollywood pap of the past.

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—John F. Kennedy

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Freire at the Bowl; Calarts at Valencia

LOS ANGELES.

LIKE SOME OTHER institutions that the years have made vulnerable as well as venerable, the Hollywood Bowl may be both more and less than it appears to be on any given occasion. Thus, when pianist Nelson Freire (pronounced, so the owner of the name says, FREH-re, in the Portuguese manner) drew, in collaboration with André Previn as conductor, enough listeners to fill two sizable concert halls, there were, nevertheless, large patches of unoccupied seating space rising into the distance. Score one for the "more" side. On the other hand, the amount of sound that reached even halfway up the slope sounded—in these days of a hi-fi cassette filling the interior of an automobile—rather wan and pale. Paradoxically, exactly the same amount of sound that satisfied fifteen years ago is now decidedly less than satisfying.

All of this means that a satisfactory illusion of reality periodically needs revision if it is to remain satisfactory. One of those keenly aware of such shifting values is the German-born, South African-educated, English-oriented, and now American-based Ernest Fleischmann, who assumed responsibility for the Bowl's future when he accepted managerial command of the Los Angeles Philharmonic some months ago. The idea of covering half the amphitheater of the Bowl with a shed may be a construction problem only slightly less than creating Houston's Astrodome, but it may be possible to eliminate the famed reflecting pool that separates stage from audience, insert a sound-dispersing shell within the famed concentric figurations that are the Bowl's visual symbol, and introduce some sound-enhancing speakers at various points along its rising slope. Together, these measures may leave the Bowl less venerable in appearance but also eliminate some conditions that currently make it aurally vulnerable.

The subordination of the greatly gifted, Brazilian-derived Freire to Fleischmann's hopes and plans may seem unreasonable, but it is not really so. For it was Fleischmann, in his capacity of recording supervisor for CBS activities in Europe, who heard and responded to Freire's talents at a London debut recital in Wigmore Hall. This, in turn, led to the recording of four popular piano concerti that provided Freire with his American breakthrough some months ago.

Freire's means of reintroducing himself to the Los Angeles public (he made his American orchestral debut here last season, and soon will be heard for the first time on the Eastern seaboard) was the Schumann Concerto. This is a work that poses, for some younger performers of today, rather more difficulties than are apparent in the physical layout of the score. What that means, simply, is that the performance of the notes, however swift, sure, and confident, is only the beginning of what is necessary for a truly Schumannesque result.

Freire does perform the notes swiftly, surely, and confidently, but he also performs them subtly, sensitively, and responsively. Unlike some of his chronological equivalents, whose playing has more than a suggestion of the computerized, Freire's impulses, as experienced live, are no less spontaneous, impulsive, and stimulating than they were in his recording. The conclusion has to be that the same dispersion of musical stimuli that has accompanied the emergence of a Glenn Gould in Canada, a Daniel Barenboim in Israel, a Martha Argerich in Argentina has acted to Freire's advantage in Brazil.

In the Schumann he had the advantage of an idiomatic and fluent direction of the orchestral score by Previn who had, himself, performed a Mozart piano concerto at an earlier program of the week. But Previn clearly had more to contribute to a totality as a collaborator than when he split his own abilities down the middle. The orchestral programs of the week included overtures of Berlioz, symphonies of Beethoven (No. 7) and Mendelssohn ("Italian"), Ravel's *La Valse*, etc. In all, Previn could be admired for the deft solution of instrumental problems and, considering a tight rehearsal schedule, the amount of leadership he generated.

At another extreme, in spirit as well as age, is the unborn project scheduled for opening in fall 1970 at the newly created community of Valencia thirty miles northwest of Los Angeles. This is the California Institute of Arts (known, locally, colloquially, as Calarts), whose founding father was the late Walt Disney and whose active head is Dr. Robert W. Corrigan, formerly of New York University. Among those associated with him are Mel Powell, as dean of the School of Music; Herbert Blau, ex-Vivian Beaumont, as dean of the School of Theater and Dance; Alexander Mackendrick (whose credits include *The Man in the White Suit* and *Tight Little Island*) as dean of the School of Film, etc.

All these deans may sound excessively academic, but academic is exactly what Calarts is not about. A visit to the school's temporary headquarters on West Seventh Street in downtown Los Angeles provided for an introduction to the youthful Dr. Corrigan and a reacquaintance with Powell in a cycle that began when he was a brilliant pianist with the Benny Goodman band at seventeen in the mid-Forties, resumed when he was a prominent disciple of Hindemith at Yale in the Fifties, and returned when he produced an article for *SR* on Edgard Varese's seventy-fifth birthday (1960).

From Corrigan one absorbed the basic concept of an institution without any admission credentials save talent, with the greatest of flexibility in age limits ("from ten to forty," he said, "more or less"), minus grades, tests, or "credits." The objective was to provide an environment in which practitioners at the verge of professionalism could mingle with fellow aspirants in all the arts, under the guidance if not direct tutelage of top professionals who were themselves less pedagogues than practitioners. School will be in session all year; there will be extensive facilities for performances ranging from chamber music to mixed media, dramatic dance or danced drama, theater in the round, the thrust, or the abstract, but never the square.

From Powell, one learned something of how he feels music studies should be pursued, be they creative or re-creative. He is strong for mingling ethnic values to the advantage of more broadly based "classical" musicians and, as a jazz performer himself, obviously rates its elements high. Students will be encouraged to find usable rhythmic, dynamic, and agogic values among the Oriental and the Indian or the African crosscurrents to which they will be exposed, without sacrificing anything of the disciplines related to the European heritage. Among those enlisted to assist are not merely specialists from non-European cultures, but also Rafael Druian, former concertmaster of the Cleveland Orchestra, as one top aide, Mort Subotnick and Leonid Hambro as others. The race may not always be to the swift, but with such lightness afoot at his disposal, Powell is clearly off to a running start.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Place, Time, and Painter

THERE WAS NO REASON to compare the two paintings. They represented totally different worlds, and perhaps that was precisely why I found myself doing so. True, they both were hanging in the same building and both were variations on "the Madonna with Child" theme, but kinship ended there. I encountered them separated by several rooms in one of America's star institutions, the Worcester Art Museum, rightfully celebrated for its superior collections hand-picked over the years by a succession of knowledgeable experts. And should one question whether knowledge makes a difference, a visit to this sophisticated art gallery will dispel such doubts. Also, should one question the advantages of a well-pruned smaller museum adapted to normal human intake, Worcester is proof that size and geographic location are not what make an institution parochial.

Among this museum's holdings is a group of rare seventeenth-century American paintings climaxed by an anonymous double portrait of *Mrs. Freake and Baby Mary,* often considered the country's outstanding canvas of the period. Much less famous but far more urbane and technically accomplished is Bartolomeo Montagna's late fifteenth-century *Virgin and Child,* probably painted in Vicenza where this Italian artist spent most of his life. Viewed on one level, both Worcester pictures are interesting works of art; viewed on another, they are reflections of wholly different periods in time, thought, and place, each offering a brief résumé of the land and mores from which it came. Worth investigating, too, is why one painting is so highly prized, the other merely accepted with polite respect.

Though nothing could be more egregious than confusing esthetic reactions with historical documentation, still art has always served as a valuable clue to the past. What better way to understand the elegant frivolity of eighteenth-century France than through Boucher, Watteau, and Fragonard? What better way to understand our own abrasive scene than through its ebullient Pop imitators? Yet, *Mrs. Freake and Baby Mary* is not typically native. It is all the more provocative because method and message are somewhat divergent. The subject is clearly American, the technique not necessarily so. As Louisa Dresser, the Worcester museum's curator, points out, this carefully delineated composition might well pass for a French provincial painting—one of those crisp, slightly awkward works found frequently in France's excellent smaller museums. If technical methods have been refined by mixed memories of Europe, the sitter, her child, her costume, her stalwart character are strictly early American. Indeed, most of the details in the picture probably provide accurate data on the period in which it was painted—about 1674.

Where its anonymous artist came from we do not know, but most likely it was England. One thing is certain: he was never a member of the Dutch Patroon school that settled chiefly in New York State, producing a legacy of brutally frank, brilliantly strong portraits that lack the sensitivity of Mrs. Freake's image. We also do not know too much about Elizabeth Freake herself, except that she was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1642, thus making her thirty-two at the time of the portrait. Her husband John Freake, whose likeness hangs next to hers in the Worcester museum and came no doubt from the same hand though at a less inspired moment, emigrated from England around 1660 to settle in Boston as an attorney and merchant. A year after the portraits were finished, he died in a Boston Harbor explosion.

The question immediately confronting us is why the woman's portrait is

(Left) "Virgin and Child" by Bartolomeo Montagna; (Right) "Mrs Freake and Baby Mary" by an anonymous seventeenth-century American artist—"It is rare that a country's primitive beginnings turn into a world-wide inheritance."

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hailed as a major—possibly *the* major—example of primitive American art. Surely not because of the puppet-like child, the bourgeois sitter, the affectionately recorded garments, the wealth of subtle whites. Rather, I think, it is the quiet, the purity, the trusting record of an authentic person that come through to us with touching impact. Whether this same painting would be regarded so enthusiastically in any country other than its own is doubtful, though Daniel Rich, director of the Worcester Art Museum, reports that "interested Europeans respond to the portrait, because they sense in it the primitive quality we admire today. Since Le Douanier Rousseau," he adds, "Europeans as well as Americans have been interested in self-taught artists who are involved with direct, fresh discoveries."

But it is more than quaint primitivism that attracts us to *Mrs. Freake and Baby Mary* (a title, by the way, I find wonderfully American). This strong, measured, plain woman is part of a heritage we like to remember, especially today under less serene circumstances. She seems eminently respectable, secure, and non-Freudian. As we emerge from historical adolescence and begin to value our past, American art daily assumes greater importance. Yet, admiration for this particular work goes beyond pride in home production; it is rightfully based on the appeal of a painting that probes deeper than the usual early American portrait. The picture has its own individuality, its own uniqueness. The unfaltering linear design—rigid, proud, and simple—echoes similar characteristics in the young mother, providing us with an eloquent glimpse of an early American personality.

All of which brings me back to Montagna's *Virgin and Child*, painted two centuries earlier than Mrs. Freake. If one were to ask a casual viewer, who knows nothing specific about the antecedents of either picture, which he prefers, he would, I think, choose the Montagna. To appreciate this tender religious work presupposes little previous knowledge. One need not be told that Montagna lived in Venice at one time, that the present painting may have derived from a print by Mantegna and may have also been influenced by Giovanni Bellini. The close relationship of Mother and Child, the beautiful candid Virgin, the undulating gracious design are all part of a southern European Renaissance tradition we have long understood and accepted. But Mrs. Freake's portrait, even more Protestant than American, is related to an austere New World where denial of sensuality was basic to survival. In order to relish the picture fully, one must recognize the stern realities of the land and the time it came from. Montagna's deeply Catholic panel combines idealized symbolism with warm human emotions. This dichotomy, implicit in much Italian Renaissance art, was characteristic of an indulgent faith. Here, though religious iconography was omnipotent, there was none of the Puritan restraint that inhibited early American expression.

In the long run, however, the American portrait remains inimitable, a special and unusual encounter. I recall no other seventeenth-century painting produced in the United States that in any way duplicates or, for that matter, approximates it. The Montagna Virgin is not an individualized personality but a type dependent on familiar traditions. She is part of a safely established period, not a brave preview of a new one. More articulate and more polished than Mrs. Freake, she is the heroine of a universal story. So, too, is the American mother, but her story is related to the mundane facts of life, while the Virgin, despite her human fervency, is nonetheless a supernatural being.

The Montagna, of course, is not a primitive work though it is dated some 200 years earlier than the American canvas, demonstrating how geography can become as important as chronology. It is the place *and* the time, to say nothing of the artist, that make a picture tick. But it is more than place, time, and painter; it is the audience, too. What in the second half of the twentieth century is considered a masterpiece might have seemed merely an adequate historical document to viewers a hundred years ago. And what Americans consider a chef d'œuvre today might appeal to contemporary Europeans as little more than a typical regional work of minor importance. It is rare that a country's primitive beginnings turn into a world-wide inheritance. During relatively recent centuries this has happened in Italy, the Netherlands, and, to a degree, in Germany, Spain, and France.

With great works rapidly dwindling from the market, Americans are turning back on themselves with almost hysterical zeal. Prices for older and sometimes third-rate indigenous canvases are skyrocketing in unrealistic leaps. These paintings often have value only here and now, only to us in these United States. They are scarcely negotiable elsewhere. Yet, we must not forget that on occasion a blunt early American work can hold its own with more wordly examples from abroad. *Mrs. Freake and Baby Mary* is a formidable case in point. Here honesty and innate dignity compensate for technical naïveté. And, curiously, it is this very naïveté that intensifies the picture's uncompromising integrity.

Men Who Fight In Long Wars

by Reeve Spencer Kelley

men who fight in long wars
run that risk, of dying
in the stale of repetitious news;
the tear, the memory, the pain,
put by for those occasional nights
when there is little else to dream

today, an albino robin
and a quarterback consumed the news;
robin-white-breast and a player
retiring from well paid battles
in a padded game of rules:
men wept for his sore knees

but the grave runs on
and the body count is lumped
into cold stones and thrown
into the pool, shock waves
that will no longer reach
the edges of the pond, forever busy
with the sticky sweet of love's creation.

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Feels So Bad

Continued from page 21

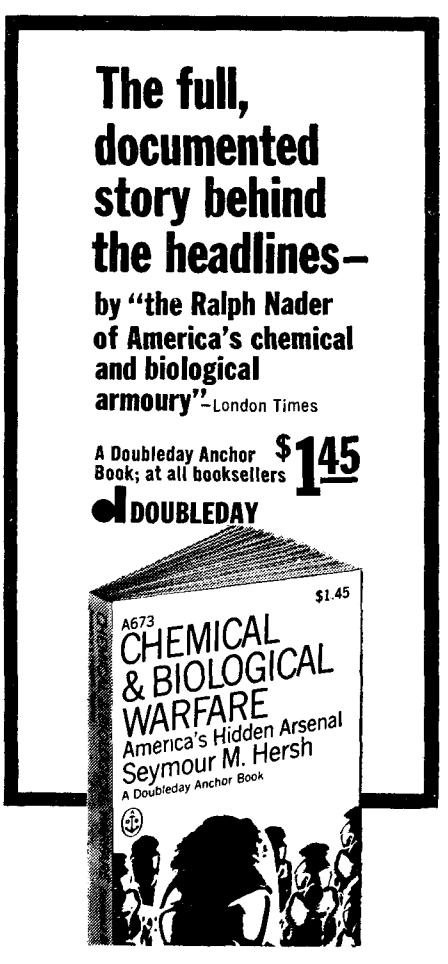
with relative ease, people can be made to lie, cheat, and hurt others. How simple it is to take the nicest kid on the block, send him to Vietnam, and soon have him killing other people. It is comforting also to know that situations can be created in which people become affectionate, honest, helpful, intimate, and cooperative. All this is fairly simple to arrange in the laboratory. The trouble is that society does not have the designs that elicit these aspects in people.

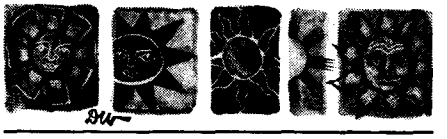
Buckminster Fuller has said that instead of *reforms* society needs new *forms*; e.g., in order to reduce traffic accidents, improve automobiles and highways instead of trying to improve drivers. The same concept should be applied to human relations. There is a need to think in terms of social architecture, and to provide arrangements among people that evoke what they really want to see in themselves. Man kind takes great pains with physical architecture, and is beginning to concern itself with the design of systems in which the human being is a component. But most of these designs are only for safety, efficiency, or productivity. System designs are not made to affect those aspects of life people care most about such as family life, romance, esthetic experiences, and intimate encounter. Social technology as well as physical technology need to be applied in making human arrangements that will transcend anything mankind has yet experienced. People need not be victimized by their environments; they can be fulfilled by them.

Instead of looking to a professional elite for the solution to any social problem, look to the greatest resource available—the very population that has the problem. Many of us tend to have a low opinion of people, those wretched masses who don't understand, don't know what they need or want, who continually make mistakes and foul up their lives, requiring those of us who are professionally trained to come in and correct the situation. But that's not the way it really works. The fact is that some drug addicts are much better able to cure addiction in each other than are psychiatrists; some convicts can run better rehabilitation programs for convicts than do correctional officers; many students tend to learn more from each other than from many professors; some patients in mental hospitals are better for each other than is the staff. Thousands of self-help organizations are doing a good job, perhaps a better job at problem solving than is the profession that is identified with that problem. People who *have* the problems often have a better understanding of their situation and what must be done to change it. What professionals have to do is learn to cooperate with that resource, to design the conditions which evoke that intelligence.

In this way society can be truly self-determining and self-renewing. The special beauty of this formulation is that it fits the democratic goal of enabling the people to make a society for themselves. Mankind can rely on people as a resource for much more than is possible to imagine. It's really quite difficult to find the ceiling of what people can do for themselves and each other, given the opportunity.

The great frontier today is the exploration of the human potential, man's seemingly limitless ability to adapt, to grow, to invent his own destiny. There is much to learn, but we already know this: the future need not happen to us; we can make it happen.





Answer to Wit Twister, page 41: eruct, cruet, cuter, truce.

America's Rendezvous

Continued from page 19

industry that already earns large profits.

7) Although our domestic requirements deserve the highest priorities, we should not ignore the fact that we are living in an increasingly integrated world. Unless the hundreds of millions of Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans are offered an opportunity to improve their living standards, political turbulence throughout the world will continue to grow.

Rich America cannot live securely or happily as an isolated, fabulously wealthy nation in the midst of a world slum. By making loans and grants totaling no more than 1 per cent of our gross national income to those relatively few developing countries that are genuinely and effectively striving for economic self-sufficiency, we can significantly improve the prospects for world peace and political stability.

Our country is facing a momentous challenge: Can we, as citizens of the most powerful nation in history, adjust our free society structurally and psychologically to a new world?

I am now convinced that the answer to this question is affirmative. I sense a dynamic, pragmatic new spirit in the air. Congressmen, Senators, editorial writers, telecasters, and everyday citizens are seriously concerned for the first time in twenty years about the role and scope of our military establishment. In addition, there is growing public demand for higher ethical standards in public life, unprecedented interest in education and urban development, and the patient, dedicated efforts of many black and white leaders to develop a basis for cooperation and understanding.

Historians may remind us of the failure of many nations—once as rich and powerful as our own—to adjust their institutions and habits of mind to the need for political, social, and economic change. In some cases, supporters of the old order attempted to ignore the new forces, while others sought to stifle them by violence and oppression. When these tactics failed, these once great nations either disintegrated or simply became irrelevant.

I deeply believe our American democratic society will avoid this fate. What is required of us now is a national commitment to the task of revitalizing American society, and of breathing fresh vigor and meaning into the ideal of political freedom and the concept of economic and social justice on which our nation is based.

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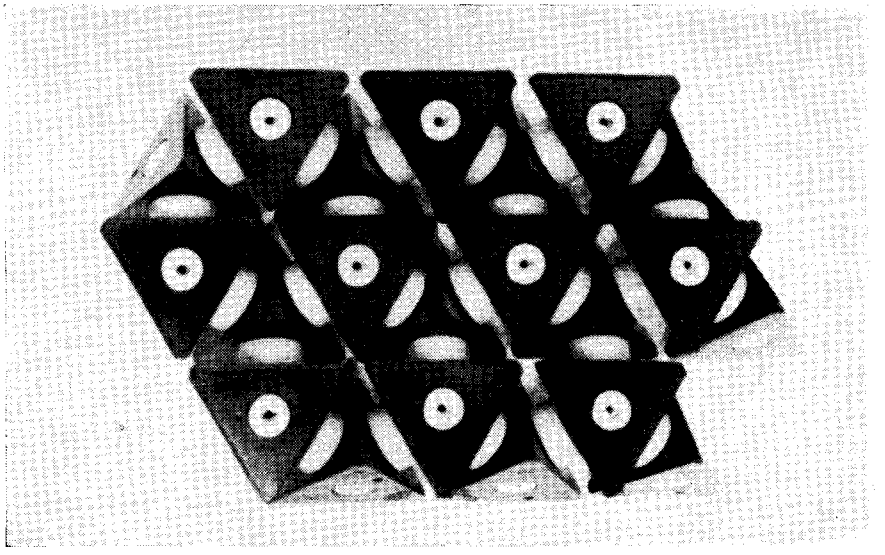
The Water That Won't Freeze



Model of polywater shows hydrogen atoms (white) exactly midway between oxygen atoms (black), explaining strange properties.

Which would you rather do—go to the moon or stay at home and try to grow some water? For the multitude to whom footprints in moondust are the most alluring sight since Adam first noticed the minor distinctions between himself and Eve, there is no choice. But the few who can find poetry in glass gardens planted with H_2O seeds are quite likely—indeed, almost certain—to leave behind them a larger portion of happiness for those who will follow.

Although no one can grow ordinary water, scientists who know how can grow from it something quite new: a strange variant of water that was only recently discovered and still has not been seen in any amount as large as a raindrop. The stuff doesn't freeze, but hardens into a brownish glass far below the temperature at which ordinary water turns to ice.

Since water is crucial to life, since our bodies are 90 per cent water, it is most peculiar that a molecule made by linking two atoms of hydrogen with one atom of oxygen could exist in a form almost half again as dense as ordinary water and escape detection for thousands of years. Yet it has happened. And now that the anomaly has been discovered, the extraordinary water certainly will be sought wherever ordinary water occurs in nature. Significant consequences can be anticipated, though where they will appear and under what circumstances can only be guessed.

How was such a long-hidden oddity turned up? Through the search and research process that makes science what it is. The triggering event was the introduction of gas as a battlefield weapon by the German Army in World War I. By a paradoxical quirk of chance, the German university training of an American chemist, Walter Patrick, of Syracuse, New York, produced a defense against gas attack.

While studying at Gottingen, Patrick had come across silica gel, a substance known to scientific laboratories since 1850. Silica gel is an agglomeration of glass sponges, each the size of a grain of sand. Patrick had found that the sponges adsorbed (that is, drew onto their surfaces without chemically combining with) various liquids, vapors, and gases. A patent that Patrick obtained became the foundation for American factories in which gas masks were made.

After the war, Patrick applied his knowledge of silica gel's behavior to removal of industrial pollutants and to the continuous recycling of refrigerating liquids. Silica gel mopped up half its own weight in water vapor. Although the interstices of the glass sponges could not be seen even under the microscope, they functioned dependably and repeatedly as traps. After a certain amount of water was adsorbed, it had to be disposed of before the trap could go on working efficiently. The disposal was achieved through evaporation of the liquid. In manipulating this process, Patrick noted that some of the water remained in the liquid state after the temperature passed the point at which water normally turns into steam.

As a chemistry professor at Johns Hopkins University, Patrick often talked about this unexpected and unexplained phenomenon to his students. Among them was a Russian immigrant, J. L. Shereshefsky. At the age of seventeen, having finished high school, he had left his home in Pinsk to find a future in America. Distant relatives were already living in Baltimore, so Shereshefsky went first to Baltimore.

Baltimore, as a garment manufacturing center, also was a center of activity for the Jewish labor movement. Shereshefsky worked in various shops, joined the union, and took part in the internal labor struggle that ended with the organization of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union under the leadership of Sidney Hillman.

After the ILGWU was firmly on its feet, Shereshefsky decided to finish his schooling. Determined to be a chemist, he picked as the engine of his development one of the finest science teaching centers of that day, the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh. After two years at Carnegie Tech, he moved to the University of Pittsburgh and there obtained a Master of Science degree. For a Ph.D., he went to Johns Hopkins, where his faculty adviser turned out to be Professor Walter Patrick. Patrick urged Shereshefsky to write a doctoral thesis on the puzzling behavior of liquids contained in narrow confines, such as the cells in the glass sponges of silica gel.

Shereshefsky's thesis was published in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* in 1928. It described experiments demonstrating that the vapor pressure of water in tiny capillaries was much lower than the pressure predicted in tables of thermodynamic constants. In other words, closely confined water exhibited less than the normal tendency to evaporate. Shereshefsky at first thought the discrepancy might be explained by the curvature of the

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glass tubes, since vapor pressure was known to vary with the curvature of the container. However, the experiments showed that the difference in pressure was too great to be explained in that way. Shereshefsky had demonstrated that there was more to Patrick's puzzle than anyone except Patrick had thought. Patrick once had stated that ultimate solution of the puzzle would rank in importance with the discovery of electricity.

Few of Shereshefsky's colleagues were impressed by his thesis. It just didn't make sense. There must have been a flaw in his experiments. "They pooh-poohed me," he recalls. No one in America pursued his line of research, although his standing as a chemist was high enough to hold him in the chairmanship of the chemistry department of Howard University for many years. He published three more papers on anomalous liquid behavior, but remained the proverbial prophet crying in the wilderness of his own country.

Almost a decade passed. Then, in 1937, a Soviet researcher, K. M. Chmutov, announced in the Russian literature that he had repeated Shereshefsky's experiments under a different set of circumstances than those surrounding Shereshefsky's work. Instead of trapping water in narrow glass tubes, Chmutov trapped water between a flat plate and a curved lens. Again the vapor pressure was lower than normal —lower than could be accounted for by the curvature of the lens.

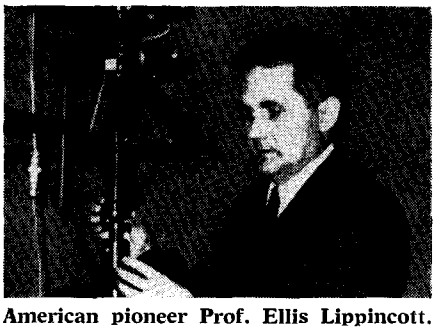
Chmutov published a second experiment in 1949. A dozen more years passed before Patrick's puzzle popped up again. Again the news appeared in a Soviet journal, this time under the name of a chemistry student from the hinterlands, N. N. Fedyakin. He had approached the puzzle from still another direction than Shereshefsky or Chmutov had taken.

Fedyakin had put some water in a sealed laboratory retort along with glass tubes as fine as human hair. Then he had lowered the pressure in the retort until the water evaporated. Shortly, the water had condensed again within the glass tubes. Fedyakin waited and kept careful watch. To his astonishment he saw in the tubes, at opposite ends of the column of ordinary water, newly created water that he could identify only as "offspring."

Fedyakin submitted a report on the appearance of the "offspring" to the Soviet *Colloid Journal* in the spring of 1961. *Colloid Journal* published the report in 1962 under the title, "Changes in the Structure of Water During Condensation in Capillaries." Fedyakin had solved Professor Patrick's puzzle and in the course of doing so had set up a whole series of other puzzles: How was the offspring water different from the parent water, and what had brought the offspring into being?

This was the sort of mystery that Boris Deryagin, a modern Russian research genius who works on the Nobel Prize level, delights in. As he recalls with characteristic modesty in the article beginning on page 54, Deryagin invited Fedyakin to Moscow, where the two could collaborate on further experiments in Deryagin's laboratory.

Although the caliber of his research had long been admired by professional colleagues the world over (his best known experiments were those showing that electric forces originating immediately beneath the surfaces of solids could affect the behavior of liquids resting on or flowing past the surfaces, and that electric charges could stabilize solid particles suspended in liquids), Deryagin was neither pretentious nor ambitious. Outside



American pioneer Prof. Ellis Lippincott.

Russia, he was known for his publications rather than for his personal appearances. Western scientists had to visit the Soviet Union to get the earliest firsthand data on Fedyakin's "offspring" water, or, as Deryagin at first called it, "modified" water.

Deryagin delivered a historic message in one of the plenary addresses at the 1965 meeting of the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry in Moscow. Unfortunately, delegates to the session did not receive advance copies of his text, or even the customary scientific abstracts. They had to absorb his ideas through simultaneous oral translation, which always has a deadening effect. The impact was dulled, and the general impression afterward was that nothing very convincing had been disclosed. Two Americans present—Lehigh University Professor Albert C. Zettlemoyer and Dr. Frederick M. Fowkes, then director of research for the Sprague Electric Company in Massachusetts—dissented from this general view, yet went home skeptical of the startling conclusions they inferred from Deryagin's report.

In the following year, Deryagin made one of his rare excursions outside the Soviet Union. As a guest of the Faraday Society in England, he revealed that offspring water had at least two fantastic attributes: its boiling point was very far above the boiling point of ordinary water, and it did not freeze no matter how low the temperature fell.

No one directly involved understands exactly how Deryagin's attendance at the 1967 Gordon Research Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces at Meriden, New Hampshire, came about. The Gordon Conferences are designed to bring together the finest minds in particular areas of chemistry and to facilitate rapid and thorough exchange of pertinent information among them [see "Dr. Gordon's Serious Thinkers," *SR*, Aug. 4, 1956]. The conferees live, work, and play together for a full week on one of several New England school campuses rented for the summer. Because of his eminence in his field, Deryagin had been invited to the annual Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces since its inception. But he had never been free to accept. Brooklyn Polytech Dean Fred Eirich, chairman of the 1967 conference, recalls making urgent pleas to the Academy of Sciences U.S.S.R. He thinks these may have been decisive. Anyhow, Deryagin arrived in the United States, went to Meriden, and unwittingly set the stage for an information explosion.

As Dean Eirich remembers it, about a third of the conferees were unwilling to take Deryagin seriously. A third were extremely skeptical, but willing to listen. A third were interested enough to consider trying to duplicate and thus confirm or negate Deryagin's work.

Among the last third was Fred Fowkes, who agreed with Deryagin that the offspring water probably grew outward from the walls of the glass tubes in which the parent water condensed. Since both Fedyakin and Deryagin had stated that the offspring grew at the expense of the mother water, Fowkes assumed that the offspring came into being in response to electrical forces rooted just below the surface of the glass. He knew from his own experiments that such forces can arise from minute amounts of impurity in the glass—specifically, random atoms of sodium. The sodium atoms, carrying a negative charge, build up an opposite positive charge just above the glass surface. Theoretically, the attraction between these forces could drag water molecules on the surface more closely than is usual in nature. As a pragmatic test of the theory, Fowkes suggested to Deryagin at Meriden that the glass surface be

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washed thoroughly with acid before the next set of experiments was undertaken. If the theory was right, the acid would etch out the sodium atoms, remove the surface force, and prevent the growth of the offspring water.

Another open-minded American at the 1967 Gordon Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces was Dr. Robert Stromberg of the National Bureau of Standards laboratory outside Washington, D.C. Stromberg was a specialist in polymers, which are long arrays of identical molecules. It seemed to him, from what Deryagin said, that offspring water might be a polymer of ordinary water. This impression was strengthened at the 1968 Gordon Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces, where a British scientist reported successful repetition of some of Deryagin's experiments. Consequently, Stromberg returned to NBS and proposed that he be allowed to grow some of the strange new offspring water in his NBS lab. His proposal was accepted, and he started on the project at once.

The same British work that moved Stromberg into action also aroused the attention of the Office of Naval Research of the U.S. Navy. In June 1968, R. A. Burton, an ONR observer stationed in London, began writing summaries of Deryagin's work for distribution within ONR's scientific staff.

Burton's first summary referred to Deryagin's earlier "thought-provoking discoveries" and went on: "now he has outdone himself in that he seems to have polymerized water." Burton noted that "this discovery has been greeted with skepticism outside of Russia," but added that "in a recent visit to Britain [apparently the Faraday Society visit of 1966] he has won some scientists over to his side." The mentioned converts were highly reputed indeed: The Unilever Company and the internationally famous crystallographer, J. D. Bernal.

Burton disclosed that samples of offspring water grown in Russia had been delivered in England, thus disposing of repeated rumors that the offspring had never been able to survive removal from the tiny glass tubes in which it originated. The persistent idea that Deryagin was being deluded by a transient freak of nature was thus destroyed.

In Burton's hands, what had been a vaguely mystifying substance suddenly acquired quite specific characteristics. Aside from the much-talked-of abnormal density, extraordinarily high boiling point, and absence of freezing, Burton assigned it a molecular weight of 72, four times the weight of a normal water molecule (16 for an oxygen atom plus one for each of two hydrogen atoms). Furthermore, he stated that offspring water could not be changed back into ordinary water at temperatures as high as 800 degrees C. Viscosity of the offspring water was given at fifteen to twenty times the viscosity of ordinary water.

Burton's second report said that the molecular weight of offspring water might go considerably beyond 72. He reported also that the unusual properties of offspring water were in no way affected by the water's removal from the glass tubes in which it grew.

Burton's third report said that interest in the offspring water had reached such a pitch that investigators outside Russia had "momentarily drawn a gentle cloak of silence around their activities . . . to protect their new findings until these are ready to go into print." Burton identified one of the new research participants as Dr. L. J. Bellamy, director of the Explosives Research and Development Establishment, an arm of the British Ministry of Technology.

NBS researchers Stromberg and Grant.

Burton's third report circulated in January 1969. Late in February, ONR called a "working symposium on anomalies in the properties of liquid water" in Washington. Invitations were restricted to American scientists, for there was now some fear—reflected in the activity of the British explosives research and development group—that Deryagin might have given the Russians a means of technical surprise as potentially jolting as *Sputnik I* had been in 1957.

The work headed by Dr. Bellamy in England was outlined by Professor Ellis Lippincott, of the University of Maryland, who disclosed that Bellamy had asked his help in making a direct examination of the structure of offspring water—something that Deryagin had not attempted, much to everyone else's continuing perplexity. The Maryland scientist detailed in confidence what would be published three months later, in the May issue of *Chemistry and Industry*, a British journal, by Bellamy and himself. They had been able to boil off different fractions of the water that condensed in their laboratory apparatus, some heavier than others. The results were not as conclusive as had been hoped for by the experimenters, who nonetheless declared their confidence in "the presence of some new form or forms of water."

Dr. Stromberg, of NBS, attended the ONR symposium for the purpose of describing his success in growing offspring water. He said he had followed the Fedyakin and Deryagin techniques and had obtained an offspring that remained liquid after being heated to 200 degrees C. Ordinary water would have disappeared in a cloud of steam at 80 degrees C. The offspring condensed in tubes as thin as individual human hairs. The process took anywhere from a night to a week. Not all the tubes contained offspring. Some would be empty; some would hold mother with offspring; some would hold only offspring. Removal of the water from the tubes was accomplished by hypodermic needle. Only twenty to thirty tubes could be emptied in a whole day. The total crop was a tiny fraction of the size of a small raindrop.

Dr. Stromberg took special pride in reporting to ONR that his fellow gardener in the harvesting of offspring water at the NBS greenhouse was a Negro, Dr. Warren H. Grant. Dr. Grant had studied under Professor Shereshefsky at Howard University without ever learning that his teacher pioneered what promises to become one of the most significant lines of research of modern times.

One consequence of the ONR symposium was a decision by Dr. Stromberg and Professor Lippincott that they should collaborate in a definitive determination of the structure of offspring water. Dr. Stromberg and Dr. Grant had mastered the trick of growing the water. Professor Lippincott had the precision instruments required for conclusive observations: infrared light scatter detectors, lasers to pick out minute detail, and one of the only two microscope spectrometers on earth.

The type of spectrometer used in most laboratories reveals the chemical composition of a substance by analyzing the spectrum of the light given off by the burning of the substance. Each chemical has its own characteristic spectrum. The microscope spectrometer, invented by a Lippincott post-doctoral student, is able to focus on infinitely tiny patches of light such as those that would be given off by the infinitely small blobs of offspring water now available for study.

Late last June, the American journal *Science* published a report headed by

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the single word "Polywater." Signed by Lippincott, Stromberg, Grant, and Gerald L. Cessac, a post-doctoral fellow in the Lippincott lab at the University of Maryland, the report declared that offspring water should no longer be referred to as an anomaly. It had its own unique structure. It was an unmistakable polymer of ordinary water, bred from ordinary water apparently through the catalytic action of quartz surfaces.

Nothing like it had ever been seen before. Two oxygen atoms were hooked up to a single hydrogen atom. The hydrogen atom was exactly halfway between the two oxygens. This configuration created a molecular bonding much stronger than that of ordinary water, and accounted for the extraordinary stability of the polymer.

To make sure of the accuracy of their astonishing finding, the experimenters compared the structure revealed to them with the known structures of 100,000 other substances, stored in the memory of a computer.

I have visited Professor Lippincott's lab since then, and have seen polywater under the microscope—a glistening pinprick resting on a diamond cell. What I saw reminded me of a turbulent thundercloud. The professor told me the stuff acted more like vaseline than like water. It was so dense that if a sharp-edged instrument were passed through it, the line of passage would remain open, like a valley, long after the instrument was gone. He said that in retrospect he could see clearly where his work with Dr. Stromberg differed from his earlier, less conclusive work with Dr. Bellamy. The British scientist had taken mixtures of ordinary (mother) water and its offspring, distilled them, and done his experiments with the fractions that came off in the distillation; these, Professor Lippincott now realizes, were water polymers of low molecular weight, ranging from two to four, six, and eight molecules. The experimenters at NBS had continued the distillation process until the low polymers were gone, then worked with the residue, which contained scores and perhaps even hundreds of molecules. Professor Lippincott said that some of the polywater I examined had been kept in the open for several months with no change in its properties.

The great remaining mystery is why polywater has never before been detected or even suspected. Scientists of many different disciplines are beginning to search the literature for what once were supposed to be anomalies but now might, upon appropriate examination, be recognized as polywater. If polywater works as other polymers do, it might have most unexpected uses. Single molecules of ethylene exist in a gaseous state. Polyethylene, however, is a plastic, capable of being made into bottles, tabletops, or building materials such as pipe. One possible consequence of polywater that is already under discussion is the plastic quality of clay. It has been recalled that past measurements of the density of water in clay ran half again as high as the density of ordinary water. That reading comes close to the 1.4 density of polywater.

Another possible case of previously undetected presence of polywater may be what biologists know as "bound water," which keeps winter wheat seed from freezing in the cold ground, enables insects to survive the rigors of bitter weather, explains the ability of some animals to lower their body temperatures far enough to virtually stop metabolism during months of hibernation—without freezing to death. Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi more than a decade ago suggested that water molecules surrounding proteins were more like ice than like water, and a number of scientific observations going back over a quarter of a century describe anomalous water molecules in animal bodies, especially in skeletal muscle and peripheral nerves. Last June researchers in Texas reported, in *Nature*, evidence to support the view that water in skeletal muscle exists in at least two phases. Could one phase be polywater?

Questions like these are not going to be answered until polywater is available in amounts meaningful to experimenters. The Advanced Research Projects Agency of the Pentagon has awarded a $75,000 contract to Tycho Labs, a small electrochemical research organization on Route 128 outside Boston, for development of a method of mass production of polywater. Professor Lippincott is going to try to grow polywater crystals in roughly the same way that silicon and germanium crystals are grown for use in transistors. Fred Fowkes, who is now a chemistry professor at Lehigh, is doing the most fundamental experiment of all. Knowing that Deryagin accepted his suggestion of 1967 and could not grow offspring water on glass that had been washed with acid, Fowkes is confident that the secret of growing polywater lies in the sodium atoms just under the surface of the glass that has been used in all the water breeding experiments. Consequently, he is trying to teach himself how to sow sodium atoms in glass in a specific order that will generate solid rows of electric charges capable of hauling ordinary water molecules together in netfuls.

—JOHN LEAR.

Boris V. Deryagin

Russia's Exotic Water Grower

by FREDERICK M. FOWKES

Russian claims of finding a new kind of water that is 40 per cent denser than ordinary water were for a long time met with much skepticism. The doubts were understandable, for water is by far the most common chemical compound and supposedly the one best known to chemists. But recent discoveries in the noncommunist world of the West have vindicated the leader of the Moscow team, Boris V. Deryagin. There actually are two liquid forms of water.

Academician Deryagin has always belonged to the Russian intelligentsia. Like many scientific leaders in the Soviet Union today, he was born at the turn of the century (1902) and was well educated during the pre-Revolutionary period. One of his prep school friends and summer-camp mates, Harvard University chemistry professor George B. Kistiakowsky, migrated to the United States and here became a top adviser to the federal government as well as an influential officer of the National Academy of Sciences.

Deryagin's stepfather, the noted physicist Peter N. Lebedev, discoverer of light pressure, insured Boris a family background of science and culture. After graduating from the University of Moscow in 1922, he joined the Institute of Physical Chemistry (on the Leninsky Prospect in Moscow) and

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has been there ever since. In 1935, he was promoted to the directorship of the Institute's Laboratory of Surface Forces, which is his present position. About seventy scientists and technicians work in this laboratory, and many of them have co-authored scientific papers with him. His married daughter is a member of his scientific staff. He is reported to be a strong leader who runs his laboratory with a hand of iron. If there have been any complaints, they have not affected his standing as a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences U.S.S.R., an honor bestowed on him after he had attained world-wide scientific fame by developing a theory to explain how electric charges can stabilize foams and suspensions such as paints and inks.

Scientific studies at the Laboratory of Surface Forces fall into a relatively unexplored field between chemistry and physics. The goal has been to study how the forces that hold solids together operate to some extent outside of a solid, beyond its surface. It was his study of the extension of the force field of quartz beyond the surface of the quartz that led Deryagin to the new dense form of water, for this water forms in thin layers on the surface of the quartz.

Deryagin's work on what he first called "modified water" had been underway for several years when I first visited his laboratory in Moscow and heard his report of progress up to then. The occasion was the 1965 meeting of the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry, held in the Soviet capital. The major subject of the meeting was surface phenomena; it dominated a full third of all the papers read by attending scientists. My own paper had to do with electrostatic charges in hydrocarbons; it offered a scientific explanation for the dangerous situation that sometimes arises in trucks carrying gasoline over the public highways and in the refueling of jet airplanes. Deryagin's paper concerned his work on anomalous water. In oral translation, it was not exciting enough to do more than lift the eyebrows of skeptics.

Deryagin still had not unraveled the mystery of anomalous water when I heard his next report at a meeting of the Faraday Society at the University of Nottingham, England, in 1966. But he knew by then that the strange substance he was working with had a boiling point far above the boiling point of ordinary water, and a tendency not to freeze regardless of how low the temperature went.

At the Gordon Research Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces held at Meriden, New Hampshire, in July 1967, I came to know Deryagin on a personal plane. At that time I was director of research for the Sprague Electric Company at Williamstown, Massachusetts. Surface chemistry had obvious importance in the development of transistors and other electrical devices of interest to Sprague. Above and apart from that, however, was my own preoccupation with surface effects for many years. Our common concern led me to correspond with him after the Faraday Society meeting, and in this manner I had learned of his newest achievement in transferring the anomalous water from one quartz capillary to another by means of evaporation.

Like most of those present at the Meriden meeting in July 1967, I was skeptical of Deryagin's work. Nevertheless, I had done some experiments with electrical forces on surfaces that I thought might explain what Deryagin had been observing. Therefore, I suggested to him during the Gordon Research Conference that he thoroughly wash the surfaces of the capillaries he was using and note whether the washing affected his results. If my theory were correct, the anomalous water would not form on washed glass or quartz.

Deryagin had obtained the permission of his government to take the opportunity afforded by the Gordon Research Conference to spend a fortnight visiting scientists here in America. I had the pleasure of arranging these visits for him. So, after telling the Gordon conferees that he had measured the density and viscosity of the anomalous water, he went off on his first excursion—to the laboratory of Professor Egon Matijevic at Clarkson College of Technology in Potsdam, New York.

Professor Matijevic had taught at the University of Zagreb in Yugoslavia. Matijevic was host to the Russian academician for several days. A good part of their time together was spent in the local stores, where Deryagin bought a number of articles to carry home to Russia. One of the great attractions at Matijevic's home was the stereophonic record player. Deryagin took this opportunity to hear foreign religious music. Professor Matijevic's parting gift to his guest was a recording of one of the beautiful Charpentier masses.

From Potsdam, New York, Deryagin went to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to spend a day with Professor Albert Zettlemoyer, distinguished professor of chemistry at Lehigh University, who had been among those who visited Deryagin's Moscow lab in 1965. From Pennsylvania, Deryagin returned to New England for a weekend visit with my family and me at Williamstown.

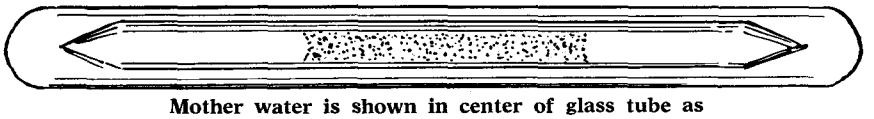
My wife and I found him a most stimulating guest. He is a vigorous person, nearly six feet in height, with a lean strong frame topped by a head of thinning dark brown hair. Behind a pair of spectacles, his eyes were always observant, as will become evident in a moment. His conversational English was faultless—a fact that made me more deeply aware of the extreme care he took in phrasing extemporaneous English answers to questions at scientific meetings, where I had watched him find the right word in another language before translating it.

We took him to Jacob's Pillow to see some African dancers and a Danish ballet troupe. We also went to Tanglewood to hear a Boston symphony performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. We invited him to the theater, too. Summer stock at Williamstown is rather good, we think. But he declined attendance at the performance on the grounds that his command of the language would not be sufficient to allow him to appreciate the play.

Mrs. Fowkes wanted very much to see that particular play. So she left Deryagin and me for one evening. In her absence, he and I talked for hours over the kitchen table about the scientific problems of adhesion and anomalous water. In the house with us was my then seven-year-old daughter, Virginia. Feeling lonely in her room at the opposite end of the house, she brought her pillow and blanket into the kitchen to nest near us. Deryagin remarked: "Your house is much too big!"

Deryagin had had his fill of shopping in Potsdam. During the remainder of his stay at our house, he recollected at some length an extended boyhood stay in Florence. He displayed marked skill in several foreign languages. He told us he vacations with his family at a Latvian lake where they enjoy boating and swimming. Although now in his middle sixties, he often swims a quarter mile without stopping.

An artist herself, my wife was naturally interested in Deryagin's reaction to art. She recently had seen, at the Tate Gallery in London, some works



Mother water is shown in center of glass tube as darker liquid; offspring water is lighter in color.

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by Turner, the "mad" English painter who foreshadowed the Impressionists by half a century. To her pleasant surprise, Deryagin joined in a lively discussion of Turner's techniques.

Throughout the two-and-a-half days he favored us with his company, Deryagin was always relaxed. His mood was reflected in his repeated command: "Call me Boris."

At the close of that often remembered weekend, I drove Deryagin to Yonkers, to the home of Professor Fred Eirich of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, who had chaired the Gordon Conference on the Chemistry of Interfaces. Professor Eirich showed him around New York City, then took him to the airport for the homeward flight to Montreal and Moscow.

Due perhaps to my acquaintance with Deryagin, the United States Navy asked me to summarize his work at an American symposium organized by the Office of Naval Research in Washington, D.C., in February 1969. By that time, Deryagin's experiments with anomalous water had become so extensive that a review of them required an hour and a half.

The very convening of the symposium amounted to a declaration of changing attitude in the West toward Deryagin's claims. Research reports made at the meeting gave the first intimations of developments in Western laboratories that might go beyond Deryagin's accomplishments. Professor Ellis R. Lippincott, of the University of Maryland, told of his analyses of anomalous water samples provided by Dr. L. J. Bellamy, of the British Ministry of Technology's Explosives Research and Development Establishment. The results were not conclusive, but they did include some rough indications that anomalous water had a different structure than ordinary water. Dr. Robert Stromberg, of the National Bureau of Standards, who was already making very small quantities of anomalous water, then invited Professor Lippincott's collaboration in further exploration of the mysterious phenomenon uncovered in Deryagin's lab.

I have heard from delegates to other scientific conferences abroad that Deryagin accepted my suggestion about washing the quartz capillaries with which he produced his historic results. He reported that after the washing, the anomalous water did not collect as it did before. I consider this evidence to support (but not prove) my notion of how the anomalous water is produced, and I am now attempting to accelerate the process in my laboratory here at Lehigh University. I look forward to keeping Deryagin advised of my progress.

The Equivocal Standard

by B. V. DERYAGIN

Water is not only the most widely found but also the most important liquid in nature. Suffice it to say that life began in water. Without water, the existence of animals and plants would be impossible. The importance of water in forming weather and climate is well known. Technological uses of water are widespread. But that is not all. Water is accepted as the basis of three universally agreed upon units of measure:

1) MASS. A gram is defined as the mass of a cubic centimeter of water at the temperature of its greatest density (4 degrees above zero Centigrade).

2) TEMPERATURE. A degree (on the Centigrade scale) is defined as one hundredth of the interval between the freezing temperature and the boiling temperature of water at one atmosphere of pressure.

3) HEAT. A calorie is equal to the amount of heat needed to raise the temperature of one gram of water by one degree (on the Centigrade scale).

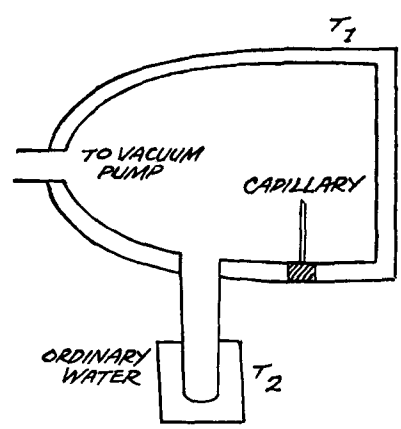
It would seem that we know water very well. Discovery of any new principle in the behavior of water would seem doubtful. Yet, certain experimental work shakes our assurance about the nature of water.

One radical discovery is the existence of "memory" in water. For example, in the work of the Pakistani physicist M. Kurashi and the Novosibirsk physical chemists A. N. Kirgintsev, V. M. Sokolov, and L. N. Yefanov it was shown that water obtained by the melting of ice retains some of the properties of ice for many hours. It is as if the water remembers its past. The memory is comparatively short—on the order of twenty-four hours up to several days—and the changes are insignificant.

More astonishing is a lasting modification of water, in which large changes occur in physical properties. These changes remain in effect for many months.

The latter phenomenon was first discovered several years ago at the physics department of the Institute of Light Industry in Kostroma by N. N. Fedyakin. Fedyakin had set himself the task of studying how the properties of liquids change when they are enclosed in extremely narrow glass capillaries. He observed that water collected in such capillaries displayed completely normal properties, the very same ones as those that characterize water in large containers. Viscosity, surface tension, density, and saturated vapor pressure did not differ at all from the standard values listed in handbooks of physical constants.

However, Fedyakin noted that, after



Water sealed in Russian lab retort evaporated, then condensed in hair-thin glass tubes, produced offspring.

an extended stay in a sealed capillary, one column of normal liquid that did not fill the entire length of the capillary gave birth to offspring columns of liquid. The offspring grew next to the mother column in the free space close to the extremities of the mother. Fedyakin concluded that the properties of the offspring could not be identical to the properties of the mother; the transfer of the liquid itself indicated that the saturated vapor pressure over the offspring was lower than the pressure over the mother.

To continue his work on this phenomenon, Fedyakin came to Moscow. In the Division of Surface Phenomena of the Institute of Physical Chemistry, Academy of Sciences U.S.S.R., in collaboration with me, he began experiments which turned out to be extremely important and caused a

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chain reaction of further discoveries.

First of all, the examinations conducted by Fedyakin and myself showed that the viscosity of the offspring columns exceeded the viscosity of the mother columns by more than tens of times. Precise measurements (conducted in collaboration with M. V. Talayev) showed that the saturated vapor pressure over the offspring was reduced by several per cent in comparison with the pressure over the mother.

Reports of these observations were greeted with serious disbelief, since they did not jibe with the usual concepts of water. It was suggested that the phenomenon was due to alkali being extracted from the glass by the water, thus leading to a reduction of the pressure of the saturated vapors.

To answer the doubts that were raised, further work was conducted exclusively in capillaries made of the purest optical fused-quartz glass. The air contained in the capillaries was removed by means of a pump. It was possible to observe the appearance of anomalous columns of water as early as ten to thirty minutes after the beginning of the experiments. The columns not only appeared under conditions in which it would seem they could not appear, but they even grew, reaching a length of several millimeters in a few hours. All attempts to explain these happenings failed.

The importance of the phenomenon was realized, and study of it under our leadership was undertaken by a large group of researchers—M. V. Talayev, B. V. Zhelezny, I. G. Yershova, D. S. Lychnikov, Y. I. Rabinovich, Z. M. Zorin, N. N. Zakhayeva, V. V. Karasov, Yu M. Luzhnov, and others. What were the results?

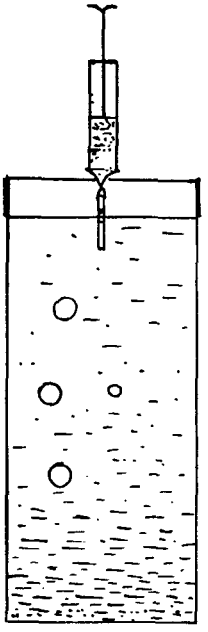
Water with special properties formed during condensation of vapor, not only in capillaries but on flat and even on convex surfaces of quartz. Vacuum chambers or ampules were designed; in these, several dozen capillaries were placed simultaneously. The chambers were first supersaturated with water vapor; then, after a short while, the pressure in the chambers was reduced until a state of undersaturation was achieved. The mother column of normal water appeared as soon as the vapor condensed. After that, the offspring columns came into being. It turned out that with evaporation of these columns the degree of anomaly could be increased sharply. This indicated that the reason for the anomalous behavior of water was the presence of some kind of water molecule less volatile than water's normal H_2O molecule.

We do not yet have an analysis of the molecular makeup of anomalous water. We are, therefore, forced to limit ourselves to a working hypothesis. It can be assumed that in anomalous water there are, besides the normal water molecules, some twin molecules or even more complicated complexes of ordinary molecules, tightly linked by forces similar in character to chemical bonds. The strength of the bond complex can be deduced from the fact that in order to convert modified water to normal water it is necessary to heat the modified water in a sealed capillary to a temperature of 650 to 700 degrees Centigrade.

The most graphic difference between the behavior of modified water and normal water is manifest in expansion and contraction of the water, especially at temperatures below zero. Normal water, although it also is capable of being supercooled, can be easily converted to a crystal state—ice, which melts at precisely zero degrees Centigrade. In the modified state, water behaves in a different manner; after cooling to minus 40 or 50 degrees, it also hardens, but it expands substantially less than ordinary water does in changing to ice.

Especially interesting results were obtained by measuring the density of water in its structurally modified state. For water of various degrees of anomaly, we obtained density values ranging from 1.01 to 1.4 grams per cubic centimeter. Since normal water weighs one gram per cubic centimeter, it is clear that the structure of anomalous water is sharply different from that of ordinary water.

At present we do not have a comprehensive, simply proved explanation of the properties and transformations of anomalous water. Intensive work in this direction is continuing. It is possible, however, to consider two facts as established.



Density of offspring water was fixed by injecting drops into known fluid.

First, in the modified state the molecules of water are more compactly arranged than in ordinary water. This greater compactness reaches a magnitude that at first glance is startling. It turns out that if anomalous molecules of water are concentrated by means of evaporation or extraction of normal molecules, the density of the remainder reaches 1.34 to 1.40 grams per cubic centimeter, i.e., anomalous water is one-third denser than ordinary water.

Second, in a modified state water consists of molecules of at least two types. The very change of the structure of water and the more compact arrangement of molecules is undoubtedly the result of molecular weight.

In conclusion, I shall cite a statement made to me in the United States in response to my report at the Gordon Research Conference in 1967. A noted American specialist in water structure recalled a fantastic story of a fictitious ice No. 9 (actually, there are eight known forms of ice, existing at different pressures and temperatures). Ice No. 9 was a product of someone's imagination. It was supposed to have a melting point of plus 50 degrees at atmospheric pressure. The danger arose that someone would steal this unique form of ice and, by throwing it into the ocean, would cause a chain-reaction freezing of the water of all the oceans.

In reply, I contrasted our modified water and the fantastic ice No. 9. Modified water does not melt at a higher temperature than ordinary water; modified water either becomes stratified upon reaching a temperature much below zero, or does not freeze at all.

Despite the long existence of the hydrosphere of earth, modified water has not yet been detected in appreciable quantities. Hence, it is possible that this water is thermodynamically less stable than ordinary water. The final solution of this question must be set aside until the precise thermodynamic characteristics of modified water have been learned.

But, in saying this, I by no means wish to assert that the modified state of water does not have some role in nature. On the contrary, it is very possible that this water is formed in nature under specific conditions. It is difficult to conceive that a stable variant of water with special properties, if obtainable, would not be used in future biological or physical research. Prospects for practical use of modified water may be even more grandiose, although it is now premature to talk about what the specific uses will be.

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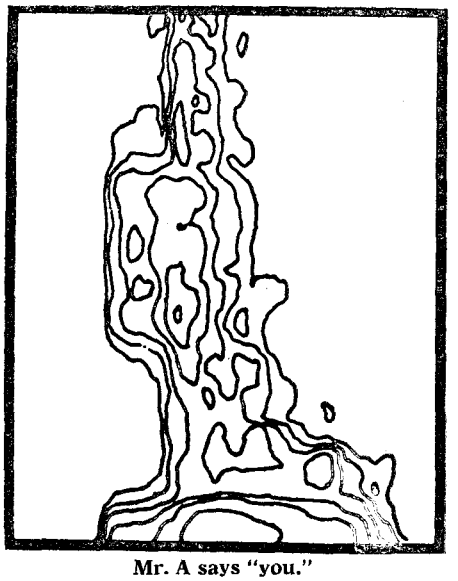
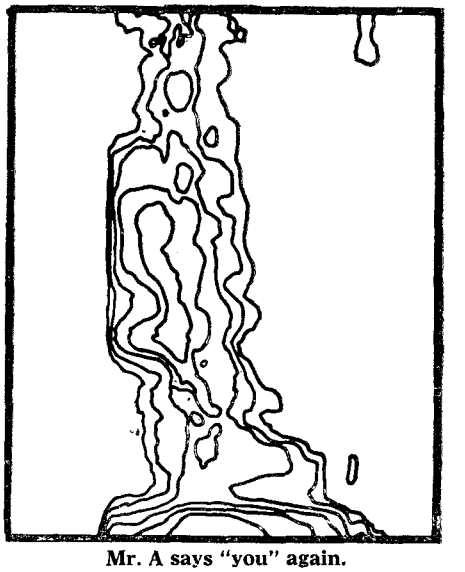


Mr. A says "you."

VOICE PRINTS

A New Aid In Detecting Criminals



Mr. A says "you" again.

by ROSS E. STEINHAUER

The term "voiceprint technology" refers to a technique by which the characteristics of an individual's speech pattern are reduced to graphic form, thus making possible comparisons between two or more voices or between words spoken by the same person at different times. While the process has several medical and general scientific uses, its most widespread application has been in the identification of criminal suspects in cases involving police possession of a recorded telephone call. Efforts aimed at achieving judicial acceptance of it have begun. It appears, however, that acceptance by the courts will not come about as quickly or as easily as its proponents had hoped. The stiff criteria applied by the courts to any new type of scientific evidence have kept the voiceprint in the testing stage up to the present time, and have left it in a state of real ambiguity as to whether the ultimate result in most jurisdictions will be acceptance or rejection. It is my purpose here to consider the problems which have led to this uncertainty and to attempt an evaluation of the dangers vs. the benefits of the voiceprint in a criminal trial.

From the beginning, the voiceprinting process has been associated with one man — L. G. Kersta of Voiceprint Laboratories, Inc., Somerville, New Jersey — who was employed by Bell Telephone Laboratories as a research engineer at the time of the original development of the process. Mr. Kersta's work was first presented to the scientific community in a paper read before the sixty-third annual meeting of the Acoustical Society of America on May 24, 1962.

Voiceprint theory is ultimately grounded in the physiology of the human body. Kersta believes minute physiological differences characterize the voice-producing mechanisms of the human body. The differences may exist in all or any number of the components of the voice-producing system. The lower respiratory tract supplies air for the system; its chief parts are the diaphragm, the lungs, and the trachea. The flow of air is broken up by the action of the vocal cords. Movements by the lips, teeth, tongue, etc., further vary the air flow. The vocal cavities—nasal, oral, and pharyngeal —affect tone. Finally, the brain controls each of the above processes. Kersta emphasizes both the unlikelihood of identical components in different individuals and the unlikelihood of sets of components moving identically in combination.

The basic apparatus used in making a voiceprint is relatively easy to construct and operate. A person speaks into a microphone and his voice is recorded on standard magnetic tape. The tape is then run around a circular drum, to the inside of which is affixed a rotating electronic scanning device capable of picking up the signals from the tape. The varying intensities in the signal cause a pen to move across a sheet of paper and to trace out a visual pattern of the voice on the tape.

The process of identification is based on comparison of a known voice with a recording of an unknown voice. If adopted on a practical scale, the system would require comparison of a known with great numbers of unknowns, as in the case of fingerprints. The comparing may be done visually by those trained in reading voiceprints or it may be done with automated equipment linked to computer analyses of differences.

In the typical criminal case in which voiceprints are likely to be involved, the police will have a recording of the voice of an unidentified person. When they apprehend a suspect in the case they will want to compare his voice with that on the recording. In order to do this they must either ask the suspect for a voice sample or take one surreptitiously. Does a suspect have the right to resist the taking of the sample on Constitutional grounds? If he does, will exercise of this right seriously impair the effectiveness of a voiceprint system?

Previous to the invention of the voiceprint, identification of the voice in court was quite common. Several of the state as well as the federal courts ruled testimony of voice recognition admissible. To supplement this rule some courts held that a suspect could be compelled to demonstrate his voice for purposes of identification.

The leading case in this field was decided in the Supreme Court of California in 1966. It was a prosecution for assault with intent to commit rape, in which the victim asserted she could identify her attacker's voice. The suspect was picked out of a line-up and asked to repeat phrases spoken by police officers. He refused. Evidence of his refusal was introduced at his trial,

ROSS E. STEINHAUER is a graduate student at Harvard Law School. The text reproduced in the adjacent columns was excerpted from a paper he submitted to a seminar on medicolegal problems conducted by Professor William J. Curran, Frances Glessner Lee Professor of Legal Medicine at the Harvard Medical School and the Harvard School of Public Health.

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and he asserted that this evidence violated his Constitutional rights. The judge held that voice identification evidence is not "testimonial," but is rather "real or physical evidence" from the suspect's body, and thus not subject to privilege:

> . . . the speaker is asked not to communicate ideas or knowledge of facts but to engage in the physiological processes necessary to produce a series of articulated sounds, the verbal meanings of which are unimportant. The sounds alone are elicited for identification purposes through characteristics such as pitch, tone, intonation, accent, and word stress. The speech patterns of individuals are distinctive physical characteristics that serve to identify them just as do other physical characteristics such as color of eyes, hair, and skin, physical build, and fingerprints.

Nor is the suspect's right of privacy invaded:

> The Fifth Amendment right of privacy protects at least uncommunicated thoughts and has been extended to preclude compelled production of private papers and documents. . . . A voice test, however, contemplates no such intrusion into privacy; no disclosure of thought or privately held information is requested. One's voice is hardly of a private nature. It is constantly exposed to public observation, and is merely another identifying physical characteristic.

Although voiceprints have been used in many police investigations and have been introduced in several courts of general jurisdiction, only three appellate level opinions are extant at the present time. The first of these is a New Jersey murder case decided in 1967-1968. The initial opinion was written by the Supreme Court of New Jersey on interlocutory appeal from a county court, the issue being whether pre-trial motions by the state ordering the defendant to submit to a blood test and a recording of his voice were properly granted. On the recording of the defendant's voice, the state supported its action by showing that the police had a tape recording of a telephone message, from a male to the police station, containing information concerning the crime. The state also noted that an expert could identify the voice if a recording were available for comparison. The defendant argued that a compelled recording of his voice would violate his privilege against self-incrimination and his right to due process.

The court held that the voice is a "physical condition" and is not within the privilege against self-incrimination. But beyond this initial conclusion several problems connected with voiceprints as a new type of scientific evidence were noted. The claims of Kersta, the expert retained by the state, were briefly listed. Then the privacy problems under the Fourth Amendment were considered, the conclusion being that an intrusion can only be justified if the product of the search has "the *capacity* to be admissible in evidence." On the issue of capacity the court remanded the case for a determination of whether "the voiceprint technique and equipment are sufficiently accurate to produce results admissible as evidence," and suggested:

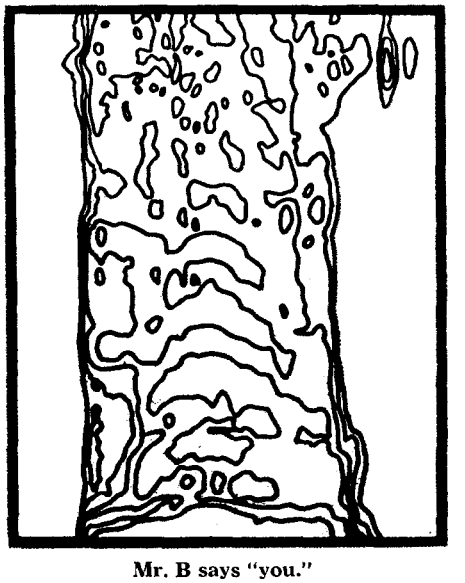
> An actual demonstration which shows the accuracy of the voiceprint process would be desirable. The testimony of experts in addition to Mr. Kersta who believe that voiceprint identification is scientifically sound would be helpful. Although we do not wish to dictate in advance the details of the hearing, we do feel that something more than the bare opinion of one man, however qualified, is required. Certainly, the prosecutor must satisfy the trial judge that identification by voiceprint technique and equipment has a sufficient scientific basis to produce uniform and reasonably reliable results and will contribute materially to the ascertainment of truth.

Upon remand, the lower court considered the evidence on the scientific acceptance and reliability of voiceprints. Beginning with a history of the development of the process, the opinion described the spectrographic apparatus and gave a detailed analysis of the types of prints it produced. Then the question as to whether the technique is affected by the emotional state of the subject or the psychological atmosphere in which the test is administered was considered. This in turn led to a discussion of the theoretical basis of voiceprints in the unique physiology of the individual. Various advantages flowing from these statements were noted, but the entire group of assertions was considered to be made up of unproved contentions. In order to test these contentions, the testimony of the chief expert witnesses in the case was summarized. Kersta's qualifications were listed and an experiment he conducted with 123 subjects and 16,000 decisions were described. One witness testified that he had visited Voiceprint Laboratories and had been impressed with the technique, but he felt that further testing was indicated. Another witness felt that evidence now available was insufficient to support the contention of reliable results. A professor of phonetics described difficulties he encountered in conducting his own experiments and felt the technique was inadequately proved. Kersta's firm demonstrated the technique by successfully matching the prints of five employees of a local bank. The defendant introduced thirty-nine letters from persons in the field of acoustics to show lack of unanimity in the field.

After hearing this evidence from a variety of sources, the court was satisfied that "the spectrograph as a machine for producing the spectrogram is an efficient and accurate piece of equipment which produces an accurate spectrogram from the tape recording." In concluding that the voiceprint had not achieved scientific acceptability sufficient to support admissibility, however, the court noted the heavy reliance by the state on Kersta's assertions as well as the fact that these were being made by the technique's innovator and chief exponent.

It is clear from this opinion that Kersta's dominance of the voiceprint field and his assertions of infallibility are likely to slow the process of acceptance. Such claims are difficult to substantiate in view of the limited number of experiments that have been conducted. The court was also reluctant to accept as a fact the interpretive reliability associated with Kersta's position, and instead wondered whether even after acceptance of voiceprints was achieved various experts might not interpret a print differently, as happens in handwriting or ballistics analysis. As against these somewhat negative implications, however, it should be noted that the court did not disbelieve any of the evidence, relying mainly on lack of evidence in reaching its conclusions. The case takes a fundamentally neutral position toward the acceptance of voiceprints in evidence.

A second case involving the voiceprint was the court-martial of an air-



Mr. B says "you."

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man for making obscene telephone calls to women. The Air Police had a recording of one of the calls. The suspect voluntarily placed an additional call which was then taped. On appeal, defendant claimed that the circumstances of the test call, which was made without his knowing that the voiceprint technique was to be applied to it, violated due process. The court found that there was no violation as long as the evidence was admissible. This conclusion led to a consideration of defendant's principal objection: that the "scientific principles underlying the voiceprints are so uncertain in theory and practice as to require their exclusion from evidence as a matter of law." Kersta again was the chief prosecuting witness. Two experts for the defense testified to lower rates of accuracy than Kersta had claimed. An attempt was made to read into the record the published results of still another test. But the court affirmed the admissibility of the voiceprints without much discussion of the contradictory evidence. The judges seemed to believe that differences in expert opinion would be the norm in the voiceprint field, as it has been with handwriting and document analysis.

The dissenting judge in the court-martial case emphasized the fact that Kersta's experiments were conducted with a population of only 123 persons. In addition, the dissent made much of the testimony of the two defense experts who testified as to lower accuracy rates. The dissenter was clearly suspicious of Kersta's possible bias, saying of one independent test: "Viewing its independent source, I am inclined to give it great weight as against the testimony of one directly involved in the commercial exploitation of the machine with which we are now concerned." This judge would not allow the voiceprint to be admitted since it had not achieved acceptability in the general scientific community. He viewed admission of the voiceprint in this case to be prejudicial error.

The court-martial case, then, is not as strongly in favor of voiceprints as it may seem at first, nor is it likely to have a great deal of future influence. The dissent comprises the more carefully reasoned analysis of the issues.

The third appellate level voiceprint case was decided as recently as October 1968, and is perhaps the most important case to come down so far. It involved the conviction for arson of a young Negro from the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles after incriminating statements were made to Columbia Broadcasting System interviewer Bill Stout. These statements were broadcast on nationwide television as part of a special program on the Watts riots.

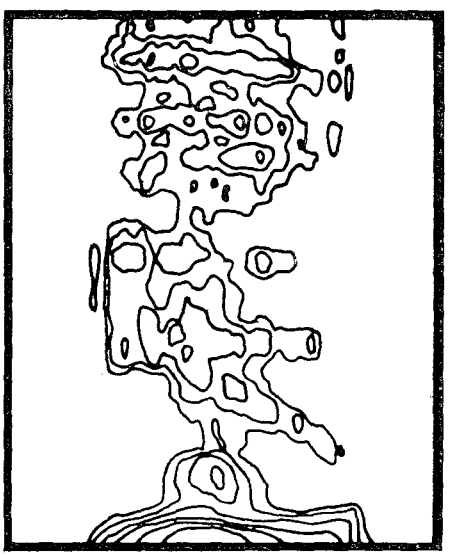
Following the showing of the film, law enforcement officers sought to learn the identity of the speaker. When they apprehended a suspect on another charge and found some CBS material in his possession, a tape of his voice was made without his knowledge while he was in custody. This tape was then compared with the sound track of the CBS interview using the voiceprint technique. The identification was positive. The indictment and conviction followed. Defendant appealed, listing admission of the voiceprint into evidence as error.

As in the earlier cases, the court found there was no Fifth Amendment violation in compelling the suspect to repeat words for identification or in making the tape without his knowledge. This part of the opinion bears out the trend seen in the other cases, which seems to indicate that the voiceprint process will experience few Constitutional difficulties in the future. But the rest of the opinion leaves the future of the process much less clear.

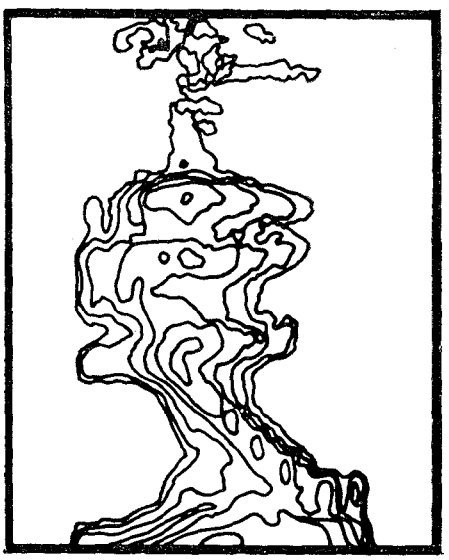
While three experts appeared for the prosecution, the court found that two of these were basically unfamiliar with the voiceprint technique and that the prosecution's case rested mainly on the testimony of Kersta. His qualifications as an expert witness were discussed at length, as was the nature of the voice recording process. Nearly the whole of the opinion in this regard was highly critical. A witness for the defense who had worked with Kersta at Bell Laboratories testified that the purpose of early experiments at Bell "was not speaker identification as claimed by Kersta but speaker classification." The court noted that only one scientific journal, *Nature*, had published Kersta's theories, and that voiceprints had received very limited recognition in courts thus far. Kersta's discussion of the theoretical basis of voiceprint technology was severely attacked as being the opinion of a practical engineer only:

> Although Kersta testified concerning conditions in the body, mouth, and throat, the size of these cavities and made an analysis of speech muscles, growth of the muscles, and use of the articulators after puberty, there was no evidence or no showing by the prosecution that any of Kersta's testimony in this regard was founded upon appropriate training, knowledge, or study by Kersta or anyone else in the anatomical, medical, and physiological sciences to produce the results alleged. While Kersta has degrees in electrical engineering and physics, his field of knowledge is acoustical and audio engineering; there is no indication either from his educational background or his employment experience that he engaged in any scientific investigation or medical re-

Mr. C says "you."



Mr. D says "you."



Mr. E says "you."

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search to substantiate his analysis of the functions of the body which produce speech.

And again:

> Kersta's engineering abilities must not be confused with or made a substitute for learning and training in anatomy, medicine, physiology, psychology, phonetics, or linguistics.

The experiments performed by Kersta were also attacked as employing too small a population sample and too little variation in dialect among individuals in the sample. Other defense witnesses testified to their inability to achieve the success claimed by Kersta in making positive voiceprint identifications. And an anti-Kersta resolution was put into evidence:

> The present lack of reliability of the voiceprint process was best stated by the speech communications committee of the Acoustical Society of America. The committee unanimously passed a resolution rejecting Kersta's claim of reliability for his voiceprint process; the resolution stated that the sound spectrogram does not contain sufficient information to identify individual speakers.

From this rather devastating array of evidence the court concluded:

> It appears that Kersta's claims for the accuracy of the "voiceprint" process are founded on theories and conclusions which are not yet substantiated by accepted methods of scientific verification.

The admission of the voiceprints into evidence in the trial court was held to be reversible error.

The implications of this opinion for the future of the voiceprint technique in court are clear. The problems associated with Kersta's domination of the field have come to a head. Courts in the future may be reluctant to admit his testimony as a qualified expert. Extensive tests with controlled positive results will be necessary to overcome negative opinion in the scientific community. Finally, the prosecution in the future must be prepared to deal more effectively with theoretical problems underlying voiceprint technology. This opinion states what has been implied all along by other courts: that medical experts must testify as to physiological and anatomical matters upon which the whole voiceprint process either stands or falls. All of this emphasizes my underlying thesis: that the problems associated with voiceprints are fundamentally interdisciplinary in nature and will require for their solution the efforts of medical men, linguists, lawyers, and engineers.

Letters to the Science Editor

Fluoridation and Dentistry

I DID NOT believe that J. L. committed the sin of omission as frequently as he does until I read "Fluoridation and the Dentist" [*SR*, Aug. 2], which really left a lot out regarding the practice of dentistry. Surely he has heard of orthodontics, preventive orthodontics, prosthetics, periodontal disease, endodontics, oral surgery, and especially the fact that fluoridation only reduces decay by some 60 per cent. I don't believe dentists have ever claimed fluoridation to be a cure-all.

I am a pedodontist who practices in a low income section of Birmingham. If and when fluoridation comes to Birmingham (I hope soon), I don't expect my income to drop. I expect it to rise, because those families that can't now afford to bring all their children in for dental care will be able to do so.

It has been said that the dental profession is only reaching the upper one-third to two-thirds of our population. With fluoridation we should be able to spread our blessings further.

ROY R. KRACKE, D.M.D.,
Birmingham, Ala.

I WOULD like to make the following comments in response to "Fluoridation and the Dentist," which was based on research we have conducted at the University of Illinois College of Dentistry.

Your comments were based on information contained in a press release distributed by the University's Office of Public Information. I regret that you did not have the advantage of direct knowledge of our research data, or at least a more adequate interpretation of the one statement to which you reacted. I also regret that you found it expedient to seize on another shred of presumed evidence to feed your emotional antipathy to fluoridation. In addition, you managed to do what you have now become well known for—at least insofar as the fluoridation issue is concerned—and that is, taking a statement totally out of context and expanding on it to suit your own ends.

Your interpretation of the effect of "population statistics" had no relationship to our intended meaning of the effect of "population growth" on the results of our research. As you are well aware, fluoridation is not a panacea. It only prevents about 60 per cent of cavities from forming. It is our assumption (not borne out by the research) that there are a substantial number of cavities and patients in need of dental care; seeking care, these patients keep the limited number of dentists busy repairing the ravages of dental caries. What this means is that fluoridation, with all its benefits, is still only one step, albeit a major one, in the direction of eliminating dental caries as a major public health problem. Given the present manpower situation, there are still enough cavities in need of treatment to keep the available dentists busy treating them.

The benefits of fluoridation and the number of dentists available to treat those teeth either not affected or inadequately affected by fluoridation are separate and discrete facts. However, we have brought them together only in an effort to attempt to explain why dentists are still involved as much as they apparently are in repairing affected teeth in communities where we know there are substantially fewer carious teeth.

Your final question—"What does" explain the absence of fluoridation's anticipated effect on dental practice?—is what we will continue to ponder during the last year of our research on the subject. Thank you for your encouragement in an otherwise lonely job.

BRUCE L. DOUGLAS, D.D.S.,
Professor of Community Dentistry,
University of Illinois,
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The two foregoing letters are particularly interesting because of their emphasis on the fact that fluoridation is not a panacea for tooth decay. Coming at this moment, the emphasis is significant, for pro-fluoridationists are now in the midst of a campaign to persuade Congress and the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare to give communities with fluoridated water preference over non-fluoridated communities in allocation of certain public health subsidies. Several observations may be made on these letters:*

1) Dr. Douglas has not yet published his data in a scientific journal. Therefore, it is not available for detailed analysis.

2) SR did not take any statement out of context. The press release from the University of Illinois College of Dentistry was quoted verbatim.

3) SR did not expand upon any point.

4) SR did not interpret the press release's reference to population growth, but simply supplied U.S. Census Bureau figures reflecting population growth.

5) The assumption underlying Dr. Kracke's letter and the assumption mentioned in the third paragraph of Dr. Douglas's letter may be correct, but they remain to be confirmed. Dr. Douglas tells us his assumption is not borne out by his research.

6) Dr. Douglas does not document his statement that there are substantially fewer carious teeth in the communities covered by his study. The University of Illinois College of Dentistry's press release said nothing on this point.

7) SR made no mention of numbers of practicing dentists. However, a dentist and a physician have something to say. See the next two letters.

IN REFERENCE to *SR*'s article concerning the number of dentists and the effect on their practices in fluoridated and non-fluoridated areas:

Four or five years ago, a local survey was made comparing the number of den-

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tists in five fluoridated (natural and artificial) areas to the number in non-fluoridated Dayton, Ohio.

In Grand Rapids, Michigan, for each 900 people there was one dentist; in Newburgh, New York, one for 890; in Aurora, Illinois, one for 887; in Florence, Arizona, one for 888; in Garretsville, Ohio, one for 752. Non-fluoridated Dayton, Ohio had one dentist for 2,922 people.

In Grand Rapids, Michigan, a model fluoridated city, there were 100 dentists in 1945. In 1957—twelve years after fluoridation—there were 171. In this twelve-year period the population increase was only 8.5 per cent.

JOHN J. SHEA, M.D.,
Dayton, O.

J. L.'S LATEST article on the fluoridation controversy was of particular interest to me. Sometime ago I wondered whether it would not be possible to show whether there had been any reduction in the number of dentists in fluoridated communities. I had observed none in the suburban areas of New York that have been fluoridated now for many years, but I thought this could be accounted for by increases in population.

I began with the directory of the American Dental Association. In it the name and address of every dentist who is a member of the ADA is listed by city and town for the entire United States. The population of each town is given. The directory is published annually.

I took the directory for the year in which Newburg was fluoridated, and took the number of dentists and the population, and figured the number of dentists per capita. I then compared the figures from those from a recent directory and found little change.

I repeated this process for Kingston and for other test cities and their controls, as well as for several towns in Westchester for which I happened to know the approximate date when fluoridation began. Averaging them together, I found no significant change in the number of dentists per capita.

For a long time, I have been intending to do a more comprehensive study of this type, but have been unable to find the time. Lear's article suggests that perhaps someone else could find the time to do it. The directories should be available in any good medical library. The dates for the beginning of fluoridation of community water supplies are available.

I agree with you that this question needs examination.

JAMES W. BENFIELD, D.D.S.,
New York, N.Y.

Science and Religion

A "SCIENTIFIC RELIGION" may be accepted as a pragmatic reality if by religion we imply a state of life bound by earthly vows and rules. Again, if religion is what a man does with his solitariness, to quote philosopher Whitehead, there could be as many scientific religions as there are individual scientists. Dr. H. G. MacPherson's scholarly essay "What Would a Scientific Religion Be Like?" [*SR*, Aug. 2] may open a novel field of religio-scientific controversy. Assuredly the present status is overripe for new ideas.

LABAN LACY RICE,
Hudgins, Va.

IN DR. MACPHERSON'S search for a scientific religion, has he investigated Buddhism? The question arises, because once one has penetrated the Indian words and concepts, one finds that Buddhism meets quite a number of the specifications made in the article.

Item: Buddhism does not so much teach doubt of theories as it teaches that theories are all tangles giving rise to dispute, and that the primary question before man is the problem of suffering and how it may be solved.

Item: Buddhism does not believe in presenting miracles as matters of fact. Instead, it presents them as literature, or even punctuation, in that they are used as italics. The Scriptures rarely say: "Now pay attention, this is important." They simply represent all the heavens opening up with all the devas and demigods straining to hear what is being said. If taken literally, this would be much more impressive than italics.

Item: The only faith required in Buddhism is the belief that a man may safely step where his guide has stepped, if the man wants to get to the point where the guide is. Each step that is taken produces its results, and so one's faith increases as he finds the previous faith justified.

Item: Prayer is not a Buddhist practice, except for its psychological aspects.

Item: Buddhism teaches about heaven and hell, but that is discarded when one outgrows the concepts of reward and punishment.

Item: Buddhism believes that trying to find the origin of the universe merely entangles one in theories, that one can know the universe as it now is—but that the origin of the universe is speculation and has no relationship to the solution of human suffering.

Item: Buddhism finds that the component parts of life are body-mind, perception-sensation, concepts, emotions, and consciousness. All of these together form a unit known as self or spirit; there is no self or spirit apart from them. Personal immortality through rebirth is something to be escaped, not attained.

Item: Buddhism finds that the rules for behavior are those that help or hurt other beings and also the person who observes or does not observe these rules. It also stresses the reflexive nature of deeds, words and thoughts (karma), so that a person receives the same kind of treatment he gives.

Item: Buddhism finds reality neither in the subjective nor in the objective, but rather in the cause and effect relationship between subjective and objective.

All of these items together seem to be pretty much what Dr. MacPherson is looking for: a non-supernatural religion that has proved its moral worth.

BRUCE C. TYLER,
North Hollywood, Calif.

DR. MACPHERSON'S SPECULATIONS on the possibilities of a system of ethics evolving from or based on science calls to mind what Aldous Huxley had to say in 1894. "Or if we must play the theological game, let us never forget that it is a game. Religion, it seems to me, can survive only as a consciously accepted system of make-believe. People will accept certain theological statements about life and the world, will elect to perform certain rites and to follow certain rules of conduct, not because they imagine the statements to be divinely dictated, but simply because they have discovered experimentally that to live in a certain ritual rhythm, under certain ethical restraints, and as if certain metaphysical doctrines were true, is to live nobly, with style. Every art has its conventions which every artist must accept. The greatest, the most important of the arts is living."

CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.,
President, Hahnemann Medical
College and Hospital,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mr. Secretary, may I have the afternoon off to handle a personal crisis?"

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As Others See Us

Continued from page 42

policy without making a sudden break with the past. To give this policy shape it is essential for the U.S. to get rid of its anti-China obsession, which cannot but cloud its objective approach to Asian problems. Second, it should make a genuine effort to reorient its aid policy. For example, economic assistance should primarily seek to remove popular discontents and reinforce the social sector of the developing economies. Third, the question of arms aid should be considered by the Nixon Administration with a sense of realism; its object should be to redress regional military imbalances without which there can be no lasting peace. . . .

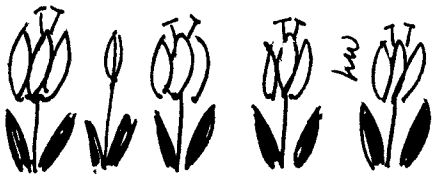
—The Pakistan Times.

MADRAS:

Enduring Bonds

PRESIDENT NIXON'S VISIT to New Delhi could turn out to be a turning point in history if New Delhi and Washington will follow it up with active steps to translate the cordial sentiments expressed on both sides into enduring bonds of friendship.

Mr. Nixon must have seen for himself that the anti-American sentiments voiced off and on by certain groups in the country do not really represent general public opinion, and that an



overwhelming majority of the Indian people have nothing but goodwill and friendship for America. And after listening to him, the Indian leaders, for their part, should have felt reassured that India can count on continued American interest in its well-being. . . . Looking back, it is amazing to note how two countries with such common ideals and peace objectives and who could play such complementary roles in the maintenance of international stability, could have had so much trouble so far getting along together free of mutual suspicions. The Nixon visit has opened a new opportunity for them to establish a relationship of friendship and close cooperation.

—The Hindu.

BOGOTA:

Same Old Bluebeard

THE EXTREME CONSERVATIVES who voted for Nixon are now beginning to collect their dividends. . . . It was no coincidence that Senator Thurmond (sinister, but of the extreme right) walked arm-in-arm with candidate Nixon gathering the votes of white groups below the Mason-Dixon line—the most reactionary people in the world, even including those of South Africa. It was a way of getting the votes away from Wallace, but at a price that may be excessive for those citizens of a more liberal mentality who believed they had seen a "new Nixon" replacing the old, blue-bearded Nixon who confronted JFK in 1960. . . .

The old face is just about the same . . . judging from some of the things that his Administration has done or not done with respect to civil rights . . . Dr. Knowles and the AMA . . . and voting tests in the South. . . . Nixon is paying for the eighty-six electoral votes of the South. . . .

—El Espectador.

FRANKFURT:

A Little on the Side

WHEN CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS set sail for America in 1492, he had a lucrative contract in his pocket. A tenth of the trading profits from the new Indies he expected to discover were to be his.

Had Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin been allowed to take with them a post office date stamp and a couple of stamped envelopes the two men would have become richer than Columbus ever was. Two postage stamps date stamped on the moon would be worth millions of dollars, far more than the rarities of British Guiana or Mauritius, but the two astronauts are not interested in earning a little on the side. Exponents of the latest developments in technology, they have set foot on the moon for their normal salary.

—Frankfurter Allgemeine.

Letters to the World's Editors

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Open Letter

TO GOD, c/o President Nixon, the White House, U.S.A.: Having well and truly raped your beautiful creation, the Earth, I have now taken the liberty of invading the Moon, with the object of extending my dominion over the rest of your extensive universe.

I remain, Your unfaithful servant,

—Man,
The Observer, London.

Bid for Kennedy

IF THE AMERICANS are ready to turn thumbs down on Senator Edward Kennedy, let us in Canada put in a bid for him.

We are starved for truly dedicated men as leaders of our country. A Kennedy would give any country reason for pride.

—Mary Rene,
Toronto Daily Star.

Gutter-Snipe Gaucheries

"ABSOLUTE NOBODIES, and they always will be." This paean of praise was graciously bestowed upon the three intrepid American moonmen by that godhead of intellectual narcissism, Marshall McLuhan.

This shocking appraisal of the brave men who have provided earthlings with the most dramatic moment and matchless achievement in their recorded history, was duly published in Roy Shields's daily TV column, presumably in recognition of Mr. McLuhan's fifty-eighth birthday.

As long as men can communicate with each other, these three American astronauts will be honored and revered as the pioneers of space exploration. As for Mr. McLuhan, some may take a delight in his type of gutter-snipe gaucheries, but there is no accounting for taste.

—Stanley Seymour,
Toronto Telegram.

Christians and Pagans

THE MOST intelligent answer during the entrance exams in the historical department of Warsaw University seems to be: "After baptism of Poland (in 966) the ruling class became Christianized, but the masses were pagans. Since that time there were many changes and now is vice versa."

—G. & F., Polityka, Warsaw.

Observing Fiscal Duties

ONCE AGAIN there is a campaign against fiscal fraud, and once again the appeal is being made to the public sense of responsibility to fill out income tax returns properly and to stop practicing political egotism that prejudices the entire community.

How can they appeal to the young entrepreneur . . . to rigorously observe his civic fiscal duties, if his entire business experience has taken place in organizations where the alteration of tax information is taken as normal? . . .

Whoever has lived in the U.S.A. must have observed that Lebanese, Brazilians, Greeks, and Portuguese—people in whose countries fiscal fraud is also normal—develop a civic conscience from the very first tax return they make in that country.

—Subscriber 14,846,
SP, Madrid.

COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 29

craftsman and the extravagance of the adventurer. He's going to be a hard man to label, which seems to me the thing for a poet. In the long run the most precarious perch may be the safest.

Uranium Poems was the last volume selected by Dudley Fitts for the Yale Younger Poets Series. It's a raw-veined volume, unlike any other I've ever read by a woman poet with three names. Judith Johnson Sherwin writes like a hallucinating miner with an education. No doubt she has schist under her fingernails. Her poems are full of threat: avalanche, radioactivity, estrangement, long-haired greaseballs—all burst out of the crust. Mrs. Sherwin has made mines and ores her symbols of overkill, of earth turning against itself. Curiously, the rhythmic twists of these poems, their bristling language, suggest a drive for life rather than death, a vitality that will not be denied. In "To Whom It May Concern" she writes of uranium.

> this element, if it apt to evil, educate
> it to elude us, not cooperate
> when we break it to our desire.

These aren't poems that ordinarily make easy sense, though their flavor is unmistakable. They will bring one back repeatedly for new rewards.

Philip Whalen is ordinarily classified as a Beat poet. His collected poems, *On Bear's Head* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $17.50), ought to make clear the inadequacy of such pigeonholing. The collection marks Whalen as a poet of adolescent energy who consistently gives one the impression of an eager experimenter. This is not to say that he lacks skill, only that he is willing to brush aside what he has learned to dare what he is unsure of. One can find the long long-line poem and the terse epigram here, detailed description and symbolic evocation. *On Bear's Head* isn't for those who like neatly tied packages. It's the inner journey of a hypersensitive and articulate man through a modern junkyard set on a carousel opposite a shrine.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 b C (*Aeneid*), 2 e I (*Lord of the Rings*), 3 a G (*Morte d'Arthur*), 4 g E, 5 k B, 6 i A (*Song of Roland*), 7 f H (*Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*), 8 c D (myth of the Argonauts), 9 h J (*Ramayana*), 10 d k (*Paradise Lost*), 11 l L (*Nibelungenlied*), 12 j F (*Odyssey*).

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LETTERS OF AUTHORS, presidents, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, royalty, etc. bought and sold. Correspondences, collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kingston Galleries, 620 Bristol Road, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144. Tel. 617-776-3872.

ITALY—POSITANO. Magnificent historical villa, on beach, completely furnished, pool, extensive grounds, waterfall. Seeking interested party with cash to share ownership. For future possible business venture. SR Box R-48.

ICH LIEBE MEINEN VOLKSWAGEN imprinted Tee Shirts $2.00, state size. CSB Enterprises, Box 481, Saltsburg, Pennsylvania 15681.

RESPONSIBLE PAINTER/SCULPTOR and family need nonurban retreat and work space. Will consider investment or income. Experienced as caretaker, clerk, listener, etc. Box R-47.

(Continued on page 64)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 63)

AUTHENTIC official Moon "Apollo 11" Eagle arm patches. $1.50 including postage. No stamps please. Yancey County Country Store, Burnsville, N.C. 28714. Request catalogue.

TEACHERS—Are you tired of materials that stifle your students and you? Ask us what "participation publishing" is. CSCS, Inc., 60 Commercial Wharf, Boston, Massachusetts 02110.

M.I.T. ARCHITECTURE STUDENT will design house or comparable project. 201-569-0497.

GEMSTONES, opal, jade, garnet, lapiz, etc. Free price list. Transworld Trading, 565 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

COLLEGE GIRL looking for same with apartment in Manhattan. Call 914-ME 1-5777.

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SITUATIONS WANTED

YALE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNER designs, supervises, builds anything exciting. Box P-700.

ANGLOPHILE, BIBLIOPHILE—Female, 39, 16 years biochemical research experience, up on art, desires interesting position, Boston area. Top-notch references. Box P-867.

DIFFERENT, WORTHWHILE POSITION—Woman, 25, English degree, 4 years' teaching French. Interests: guitar, photography, antiques, outdoors. Box R-43.

FEMALE JOURNALIST, 25, four years' experience, seeks challenging writer/editing job, Boston area. Special interests education, urban affairs. Box R-78.

SECRETARY, serious-minded knowledgeable woman, excellent diversified top-level experience, seeks position with sincere individual (writer?) whose work and interests are constructive rather than materialistic. No car. Westchester area but would relocate under proper circumstances. Box R-67.

FEMALE with test writing experience seeks interesting position. B.A. plus 27 hours in English. Box R-45.

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TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

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OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Safes, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

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For Sale—Furnished

DOWN EAST in Lubec, Maine, on Huckins Neck there is a new year round Cape Cod, 4 bedroom, furnished, saltwater farm situated on 12 acres overlooking 340 ft. of shore frontage on Cobscook Bay. $37,500. Will finance. Englishmans Bay Company, Box 1019, Ellsworth, Maine 04605. 207-667-5900.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Charming 18th century house from October 1st-June 1st. 3 bedrooms. All conveniences. $250 month plus utilities. Perfect for retired couple or sabbatical leave. 212-MU 8-0660 or 617-693-1172.

APPEALING ITALIAN VILLA—small, modern; unspoiled south Adriatic beach, winter $100 monthly. Available September 20th. Robertson, A.T.C. Goldsmiths College, London, S.E. 16, England.

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For Winter Rental

ST. CROIX HOUSE—2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Also efficiency apartment. Monthly or biweekly. Write Charles H. Smith, Millbrook, N.Y. 12545.

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For Rent

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NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

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SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, 30 miles at sea. Less than an hour by air from New York. In September swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports, plus interesting historic areas. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811.

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PUERTO RICO. Luxury efficiency apartment with pool in tourist area. Economically priced. Box P-891.

BEST FOOD IN VERMONT is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

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WINDHAM HILL FARM—Country inn. Tranquillity. Comestibles. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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VERMONT FOLIAGE—Horses, lake, golf. Johnston Farm Lodge-Motel, Ludlow. Call 802-228-3751.

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GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language-Literature-Art.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

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COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

TRAVEL

TIRED OF CONVENTIONAL HOLIDAYS? There is variety, excitement and flexibility when Andy and Alice Colquhoun skillfully guide you on an EAST AFRICAN Wildlife Photographic Safari. Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1848

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Dining saloon and lounge for officers on a warship.	6 10 23 32 50 64 105 120
B. Psychological mechanism to protect one's self-esteem (comp.)	124 161 174 184 192 205 20 29 44 48
C. Quantity produced at one operation.	163 170 188 209 7
D. Dark-colored.	9 59 84 95 104 141 82
E. "Silent be,/It was ——!" sings Dick Deadeye. (2 wds.; G. & S., "Pinafore")	106 162 173 11 49 70
F. Substitute.	71 80 130 92 110 90
G. Check; confinement.	111 139 88 169 208 52 74 99 118
H. Weight of a vehicle without cargo.	202 60 67 87
I. English king killed in the battle of Hastings.	189 98 116 122 172 43
J. Manifestations of affection.	56 65 125 142 150 154 179 194 4 12 17
K. Poet (1837-1901) who wrote "Atalanta in Calydon."	24 177 206 40 203 200 14 51 58
L. Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Robert Penn Warren (4 wds.)	101 108 186 1 19 35 3 160 175 30 100 149 198 53
M. Sour, sulky.	93 137 147 155 191 207
N. Of fundamental importance.	41 112 132 25 27 201 55 126 152 33 69 86
O. Covered.	164 138 148 34 83 131 22 72
P. Author (1870-1902) of "The Octopus," "The Pit," and "McTeague."	113 178 39 85 96 135
Q. Czechoslovakian village destroyed by the Nazis in 1942.	187 28 133 166 36 91
R. 1941 commander of the Japanese fleet.	127 143 156 180 193 13 37 46
S. Gratuitous transfer of property from one to another.	145 68 129 182 75 79 2 158
T. With the utmost speed or activity (3 wds.)	8 123 197 16 114 76 168 94 146 140
U. Appearance intended to deceive (2 wds.)	66 107 102 109 176 21 57 190 167 77
V. Slight defects.	153 5 136 171 47 159 117
W. Imposes as a necessary accompaniment.	115 181 18 31 62 103 15
X. Atomic furnace.	165 42 157 63 26 38 151
Y. Abstain from.	210 61 97 78 121 73
Z. Capital of Gard, S. France.	183 89 199 204 196
Z1. This "Approves all forms of competition," says Arthur Hughes Clough ("The Latest Decalogue")	81 144 185 54 128 45 134 119 195

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 L	2 S		3 L	4 J	5 V	6 A		7 C	8 T	9 D		10 A							
11 E	12 J	13 R	14 K	15 W		16 T	17 J		18 W	19 L	20 B		21 U	22 O	23 A	24 K	25 N							
	26 X	27 N	28 Q	29 B	30 L		31 W		32 A	33 N	34 O	35 L	36 Q	37 R	38 X	39 P								
40 K	41 N	42 X	43 I	44 B		45 Z1	46 R		47 V	48 B	49 E	50 A	51 K		52 G	53 L	54 Z1							
	55 N	56 J	57 U	58 K		59 D	60 H	61 Y		62 W		63 X	64 A	65 J	66 U	67 H	68 S							
69 N	70 E	71 F	72 O		73 Y	74 G	75 S	76 T		77 U	78 Y	79 S	80 F	81 Z1	82 D		83 O							
84 D	85 P	86 N	87 H	—	88 G	89 Z	90 F	91 Q		92 F	93 M	94 T	95 D	96 P	97 Y	98 I	99 G							
100 L		101 L	102 U	103 W		104 D	105 A	106 E	107 U	108 L		109 U	110 F	111 G	112 N	113 P	114 T							
115 W	116 I	117 V		118 G	119 Z1		120 A	121 Y		122 I	123 T	124 B		125 J	126 N	127 R								
128 Z1	129 S		130 F	131 O	132 N	133 Q	134 Z1	135 P		136 V		137 M	138 O	139 G	140 T	141 D	142 J							
143 R	144 Z1	145 S		146 T		147 M	148 O	149 L	150 J	151 X	152 N		153 V	154 J	155 M	156 R								
157 X		158 S	159 V	160 L	161 B	162 E	163 C	164 O	165 X	166 Q	167 U	168 T		169 G	170 C	171 V	172 I							
173 E		174 B	175 L	176 U		177 K	178 P	179 J	180 R	181 W		182 S	183 Z	184 B		185 Z1	186 L							
187 Q		188 C	189 I	190 U	191 M	192 B		193 R	194 J	195 Z1		196 Z	197 T	198 L		199 Z	200 K							
201 N	202 H		203 K	204 Z		205 B	206 K	207 M	208 G	209 C	210 Y													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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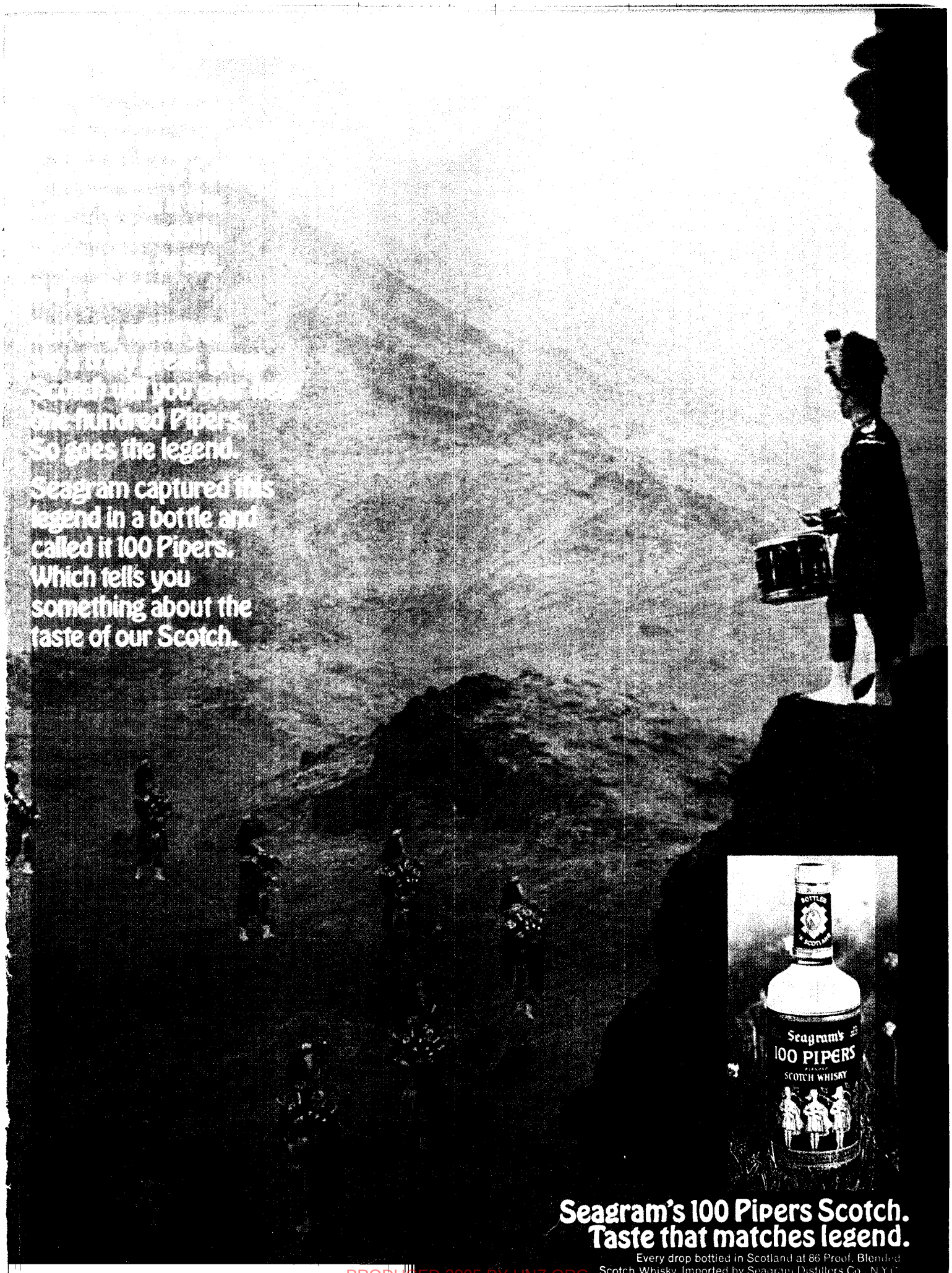

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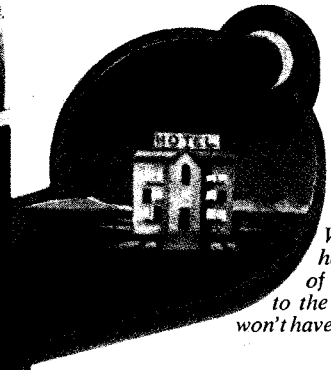
At TWA, we feel that just because you're taking a low priced tour doesn't mean you have to rough it.

TWA

Our people make you happy. We make them happy.

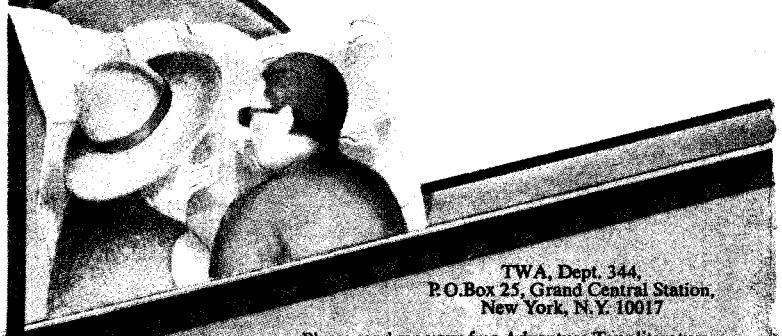
We'll keep you from standing on line at the bath. On a TWA Bonus Adventure Tour, every room has a private bath. So instead of waiting for a stranger to finish his bath, you only have to wait for your wife.



We'll keep you from staying in a hotel that's located in the middle of nowhere. Every hotel is close to the places you want to visit. You won't have to take a tour to get to your tour.

We'll keep you from wondering how to get from the airport to the hotel. No matter where you're going, a Tour Guide will pick you up. What's more, they speak English. Even in England.

We'll keep you from walking around in circles. When you need some advice on where to go and what to see, give us a call and we'll give you a hand.



We'll keep you from paying list prices. TWA gives you a free discount book that lets you get bargain prices all over Europe. For a change, you can tell your friends where to get it wholesale.

TWA, Dept. 344,
P.O.Box 25, Grand Central Station,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your free Adventure Tour literature.
And tell me how to charge my trip with TWA's Worldwide Jet Credit Card.

Name_____

Address_____ City_____ State_____ Zip_____

My travel agent is_____

*Includes 14/21 day Group Inclusive Tour economy air fare from New York. Price effective Nov. 1, 1969.

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